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THE STANDARD.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE TRIBUNE.

From The N. Y. Tribune.

A NEW MISREPRESENTATION.

A late number of *The Liberator*, Mr. Garrison's paper, contains an article under the well-known initials of Mr. Wendell Phillips, in which Abraham Lincoln is designated as "the slave-hound of Illinois." The charge is based upon the alleged fact that, on the 10th of January, 1849, Mr. Lincoln, being then a member of Congress, moved to reconsider the vote instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to report a bill for abolishing the slave trade therein, that he might introduce a bill, from which "W. P." makes this extract:

"Section 5. That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby *empowered* and REQUIRED to provide *active and efficient means to arrest and deliver up to their owners all fugitive slaves escaping into said District.*"

The Tribune is especially called upon to meet this charge, and the writer waits to know "where to draw that line which shall allow us all our indignation against Mason, and yet save the fame of their (the Republicans') candidate."

We will try to answer. The first charge is that "Mr. Lincoln, in order to introduce this bill, requested the House to reconsider the vote instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to report a bill for abolishing the slave trade therein."

We reply: Mr. Lincoln never did any such thing. He neither requested the House to reconsider its vote nor did he make any motion to that effect. On the contrary, when, presently, the motion to lay the motion to reconsider on the table was acted upon, he voted, with the majority, against it. True, when the motion to reconsider was reached, he voted in its favor; but when, soon after, the question came up in a new aspect, under an amendment which changed the phraseology of the original resolution, which was by many thought objectionable, Mr. Lincoln's vote is again recorded in the negative against a second attempt to get rid of the whole subject by laying on the table. "W. P." has thus asserted what is false as to the letter of the record, and as evidently false as to the intentions of the man.

What, then, was the course of Mr. Lincoln on which such a charge can be based? Simply this: A motion was made to lay the motion to reconsider the resolution on the table. Mr. Lincoln, at this stage, appealed to the *mover—not* to the House—to withdraw his motion. He urged him to withdraw his motion, not permanently, but merely to enable him to read an amendment which he should attempt to introduce, if the vote on the original resolution—instructing the Committee—should be reconsidered. This amendment was the bill which "W. P." refers to, of which he gives a section, and because of which he says: "We gibbet a Northern hound to-day, side by side with the infamous Mason of Virginia." The reader is left to infer that Mr. Lincoln attempted to get the virtual prohibition of the slave trade in the District, just passed, rescinded, that he might the more effectually and emphatically provide it with a more stringent law against fugitive slaves. Let us see.

Mr. Lincoln, let it be remembered, asked his colleague to withdraw his motion, simply that he might read the proposition which he intended to urge as an amendment, if the resolution prohibiting the slave trade was reconsidered. Now, this proposition is a bill of eight sections, of which "W. P." quotes one. The purpose of this bill was the abolition not merely of the slave trade, but of slavery itself in the District of Columbia, provided a majority of the people should cast their votes in favor of such a measure. The fifth section, so far from showing the general purport of the bill, is precisely that portion of it from which the character of the rest would never be guessed. It was merely intended to put the District on a footing with all the States in regard to "fugitives from service," when slavery should no longer exist there, and nothing more. If Virginia may have the right to take her runaways in Boston, there is no good reason, *cœteris paribus*, why she should not in Washington. But this was the exceptional point of Mr. Lincoln's proposed amendment, and not its general purpose, for that was to sweep the system of slavery out of the District, after a fixed time, by consent of the people, giving compensation to the master, and providing for the due education and care of the emancipated.

This proposition, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to say, he had submitted to fifteen leading citizens of the District, who all approved of it. "W. P." refers to this fact, and, applying it to the exceptional provision of section five, adds, "No wonder Mr. Lincoln is unwilling to make any opposition to the Fugitive Slave bill! No wonder the Chicago Convention omitted that point in their resolutions!"

Such misrepresentation as this is to be accounted for only on the supposition that some malignant and unscrupulous person has imposed upon "W. P." and prevailed upon him to give the sanction of his name to a statement which he had never examined, but which, unfortunately, he was too ready to believe.

MR. PHILLIPS'S REPLY.

From The Liberator.

It will be observed that *The Tribune* does not give its readers any definite idea of my real charge against Mr. Lincoln, or the grounds of it. But, covering that up in equivocal terms, it takes issue on a mere technicality. This could not have been done to save space, since my whole charge (his wishing to extend the Fugitive Slave clause over the District of Columbia, where the Constitution does not carry it) would not have required ten lines.

1st. *The Tribune* says, "The charge is based upon the alleged fact that Mr. Lincoln *moved* to reconsider," &c.

I never said Mr. Lincoln *moved* to reconsider, &c. To *move* is a technical word in parliamentary affairs. Mr. Lincoln made no motion at the time stated. I never charged him with making one. I said, "Mr. Lincoln, in order to introduce this bill, *requested* the House to reconsider," &c. Perhaps this word is ill-chosen. The reader can judge, for here are the facts: When Mr. Wentworth, at Lincoln's request, withdrew for a moment his motion (which was to lay on the table the motion to reconsider), Mr. Lincoln "said, by courtesy of his colleague, he would say that if the vote on the resolution was reconsidered, he should make an effort to introduce an amendment which he should now read." The above request to Wentworth, followed by such language, and by two votes for reconsideration, certainly amounts to telling the House that he *wished* the order reconsidered for the purpose of introducing his *amendment*, which was the bill I quoted from. To save space, I used a single word, perhaps too strong a one—"*requested* the House." I still think it a fair one; if the reader thinks otherwise, let it pass. He now knows the exact fact, the value of which he will appreciate more precisely if I add, that when Mr. Lincoln twice voted to get a reconsideration, he voted with Albert G. Brown, Howell Cobb, Rhett and Toombs, against Giddings, Daniel P. King, Horace Mann, Palfrey, Julius Rockwell, Collamer, Wilmot, Wentworth and Greeley. Which side represented pro-slavery, and which anti-slavery, it will be easy for any one to determine.

The single vote of Mr. Lincoln against laying the *whole matter* on the table, in which *The Tribune* takes refuge, was given only to get his own bill the chance of being considered.

2d. *The Tribune* thinks me unfair in not quoting the whole bill. I quoted all that concerned my accusation, and certainly did not omit the rest from any wish to hurt Mr. Lincoln. The bill itself is no credit to any man being one of the poorest and most confused specimens of pro-slavery compromise. It provides, substantially, 1st, that no slave shall be carried out of the District, and no slave shall be brought in, except by United States officials coming from the South, who are about all the persons that wish to hold slaves in the District. Such persons are to be allowed to hold them there forever. 2d. All children born after 1850 were to be free some time or other; it is not stated when. 3d. Slaves in the District were to remain such until their holders wished to sell them, at which time the United States Government was bound to buy them. 4th. All this was to be law, if the people of the district voted for it!!! 5th. The District was to be slavehunting ground forever!

Marvellous anti-slavery! A proposition to abolish robbery, if the robbers request it!! And this in 1849 of the Christian era; and relates to a Territory from which the Constitution excludes all slavery, and of which Congress has the exclusive control. Considering that Republicanism professes to exclude slavery from all our Territories, as its special work, I should style Lincoln's bill, "A Bill of the Republican President to recognize, extend and perpetuate slavery in one of the Territories of the United States." If any of Mr. Lincoln's friends consider this bill a feather in his cap, let it, by all means, be paraded. It strikes me as one of those blunders which a man's well-wishers desire to hush up among his friends.

3d. But my real charge was this:

Abraham Lincoln, the Slave-Hound of Illinois.—We gibbet another hound to-day, side by side with the infamous Mason of Virginia. Mason's slave bill is based on the clause of the United States Constitution which provides for the surrender of slaves escaping from one *State* into another *State* of the Union.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the District of Columbia is not a *State* within the meaning of the Constitution. See Hepburn *vs.* Ellzey, 2 Cranch, 445. The District of Columbia is not, therefore, included in the terms of the Fugitive Slave clause. Whoever tries to extend the dominion of that clause over the District of Columbia exhibits only his voluntary baseness, can have no pretence of constitutional obligation, out-Masons Mason, and stamps himself a hound of special "alacrity."

This deed Abraham Lincoln, Republican candidate for President, has done! Here are the facts:

Extract from a bill suggested by Hon. Abraham Lincoln, in the U. S. House of Representatives, January 10, 1849. (See *Congressional Globe*, appendix, 2d Session, 30th Congress, p. 212.)

"Section 5. That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby *empowered* and REQUIRED to provide *active and efficient means to arrest and deliver up to their owners* ALL FUGITIVE SLAVES *escaping into said District.*"

Observe his proposition: it provides no safeguards, no jury trial; takes no care to prevent free men from being carried off as slaves. In these respects, it is worse than even Mason's bill. The municipal authorities are to "provide ACTIVE and EFFICIENT means"—that is all.

This was my charge. I now add that *The New York Tribune confesses* that its Presidential candidate, Mr. Lincoln, did just this deed. It says, the 5th section of his bill, quoted above, "*was merely intended to put the District on a footing with all the States in regard to 'fugitives from service,' when slavery should no longer exist there, and nothing more. If Virginia may have the right to take her runaways in Boston, there is no good reason, cœteris paribus, why she should not in Washington.*"

If, as *The Tribune* says, "*there is no good reason*" why the Fugitive Slave clause, constitutionally valid in Boston, should not be extended to Washington, where the Constitution does not now carry it, then the same may be said of Canada and Liverpool. Once grant that this infamous pro-slavery compromise, which every decent man abhors, may properly be extended one inch, and slaveholders and their New York apologists will show excellent and weighty reasons for extending it to Canada and Liverpool. We might have supposed that the Republican party, which vindicates its existence solely on the ground of its purpose to resist the extension of slavery, and of keeping it within strict constitutional limits, would see many a "good reason" against extending the area of this pro-slavery and diabolical covenant. To an Abolitionist, saving even five miles square, and especially the residence of Government, sacred to freedom, seems something, amid this universal wreck. According to *The Tribune*, such small matters are unworthy of consideration!

Hear, therefore, all ye Republican journals and voters! *The New York Tribune* sees "no good reason" why we may not now doom fresh Territory to slave-hunting—why the Fugitive Slave clause should not be extended further than the Constitution carries it; and it distinctly admits that its Presidential candidate, Mr. Abraham Lincoln, has expressed his wish and intention so to extend it, for which wish and intention *The Tribune* has no word of blame.

In these circumstances, *The Tribune* really sees "no good reason" why the area of slave-hunting should not be extended further than the Constitution requires—then, instead of one Slave-Hound, I have discovered two, among Republican leaders—Mr. Lincoln, of Illinois, and *The New York Tribune;* and on their collars I shall engrave in black capitals, "Volunteers." I might make up a huntsman's *leash, three* hounds: putting *Lincoln* in the centre, *Mason* of Virginia on one side, and *The Tribune* on the other. But this would not balance; since *Mason*, poor, narrow-souled sinner, only demands what he deems his constitutional rights, while the two "*Volunteers*," more daring knaves, propose to extend the area of slave-hunting, and doom to that base fate soil which the Constitution consecrates to liberty.

Wendell Phillips.

P. S. As *The Tribune* first introduced my name into this discussion, I might justly claim that it republish this reply. I know it too well to expect such justice. I do claim, for the sake of fair play, that it publish in its columns the first twenty-eight lines of my former article on which it comments. I notify it that the nineteenth line of that article should read, "Extract from a Bill suggested by Hon. Abraham Lincoln," &c. I have quoted those lines above, under my third head. W. P.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Anti-Slavery Celebration at Framingham, Mass.

Phonographic report by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The President—I believe that the Declaration of Independence, to commemorate which this day has been set apart as holy, has been recognized as the logical consequence of the first battle of Concord. I presume it is fresh in all your memories that we have had, within the last year, a second battle of Concord—a battle in which the enemies of freedom were routed as gallantly as they were eighty-five years ago last April. I am happy to say that we have the hero of that battle here to-day, and I understand that he has consented to address you. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord.

Speech of Frank B. Sanborn.

Mr. Sanborn was heartily cheered as he came forward upon the platform. He said:

Mr. President—You do me altogether too much honor to call me the hero of the Concord fight. It reminds me of a story I once heard of a boy who had the misfortune to have an intemperate father. One day he looked out of the door, and saw his father coming home, led by two neighbors. He ran back to his mother, and said, "Look, mother, look! Here comes father, leading home two men!" (Laughter.) My own position, sir, in the Concord fight, to which you allude, was so compulsory in its character that I really cannot agree that I am to be considered, in any sense, the hero of it.

The President—I think we must all admit that Mr. Sanborn conquered Mr. Mason and the Senate of the United States. The Americans were driven down the other side of Bunker Hill; but we have always considered that a victory on our side.

Mr. Sanborn continued—If I were an orator—which I am not—I should complain that your President had asked me to speak, and to follow the eloquent man who has just left the stand; for any eloquence of mine, if I had it, must be as nothing compared with the feeblest accents which fall from lips like his. Every word that falls, on this day, from the lips of one of that race whom we so shamefully hold in bondage, seems to me the most impressive eloquence, and the most scorching sarcasm. What can be more terrible for us, who are not hypocrites, or who, at least, try not to be hypocrites, than to think that, eighty-four years ago to-day, our fathers honestly announced what they hoped to be the programme of a new nation, advancing on the career of liberty, and that, after this time, which is counted but the life of two generations of men, we see such a state of things as exists to-day! By long custom, we become wonted to anything; and we have been so habituated to the miseries and the degradations of the system of slavery that it needs some frightful event to bring them before us in all their horrors. When I reflect, Mr. President that Mr. Douglass, with every power, every talent which, had he been of our own race, would have secured him a prominent position, not only among the citizens, but among the rulers of this country, and remember that, instead of this, in his adopted State—a State which he earned by his heroic escape from slavery—he has not a single political right—when I reflect on this, it seems to me that our whole nation, our whole system of society, is not worth a straw, when this frightful truth is thrown in the balance against it; because our Union was formed for nothing else, ultimately, than to produce that equality of rights which our fathers hoped for, though they could not then establish, nor, perhaps, fully understand. But when to this deprivation of political rights we add the thousand miseries of slavery, actual slavery, which can be understood by none except the race who are actually enslaved, words entirely fail—they must fail—any one to approach the magnitude of the subject. It is for that reason that I have seldom attended meetings like this. It irks me, it cuts me to the soul, to hear this matter treated merely with words—this frightful subject served up with the sauce of rhetoric. It is not to my taste. I like to see something *done*, not to hear something spoken; and, admiring as I do, and praising as I am proud to do, the leaders in this movement, who, for thirty years, in the face of all opposition, have carried the doctrines of the anti-slavery cause to their present partial establishment in the hearts of the people, I still must think that there is a better way. I thought so a year ago, and a year ago I had not seen the insurrection of Harper's Ferry. The events of the last year teach me, what I knew before, that there is a better way to reach this subject than to address any crowd, however large. We waste our strength and our breath in the endeavor to convince people who never can be convinced except by the force of necessity. Therefore I have preferred to do what little I could towards removing this great curse in another way.

I see, or think I see, where the system is weak. John Brown's experience at Harper's Ferry shows me where the system is weak. All the anti-slavery orators that have spoken from this or any other platform, all the Republican orators that have wasted the time of the nation, in Congress or out of it, have done nothing, compared with the famous success of those six weeks of John Brown in Virginia, simply because, as the priest, in the old sacrifices, when he lifted his axe to smite the victim, knew where the fatal point was, John Brown knew where he must strike his blow to kill this monster forever. How many insurrections like that at Harper's Ferry do you suppose it would take to overthrow the system of slavery? Perhaps a great many. But I will tell you what another would do. Another insurrection like that would make it forever impossible that there should be any Republican party holding the position which it now holds, of timid vacillation between the arrogant claims of the South and the demands of the aroused sentiment of the North. Another insurrection would make that impossible; or, rather, it would create a Republican party at the South. It would create there a party, fearful lest this matter be brought to the issue which some of the Southern orators seem to urge on. It seems to me, therefore, that it is the duty of every person who thinks, as I do, that this country is held back, forever held back, in its noble career, by American slavery, to attempt the overthrow of that system by the nearest way. That way, to me, is the encouragement of the escape of fugitive slaves, when that is the best way, and the encouragement of their rising in rebellion, when that is the best way.

What do we hear to-day, Mr. President, from the other side of the ocean? The most important news—the only news that we read—is that which comes from the island of Sicily. And what do we see there? We see a noble Italian attempting for his own people, who are merely stripped of their political rights, what John Brown attempted for another race, held down in the most galling bondage. Now, Mr. President, I studied logic at college, and, though I know little about it, I can perceive a logical connection between these two movements. I can perceive no difference whatever between the movement of Garibaldi in Sicily and the movement of John Brown in Virginia, except that the movement instituted by Capt. Brown was far nobler, looked to far higher results, and therefore calls more profoundly on our sympathy.

This, no doubt, seems extreme to many who hear me. It has been my conviction for years. And while I advocate this most extreme course, it seems to me that the results of such a course, if carried out, would be far less disastrous than the natural result of things as they move on now. It seems to me that we are in the last days of national existence; that we are in that stage of corruption which has been witnessed in this and that State, and from which the mind of the reader of history shrinks back with horror. We seem to have lost all public virtue; we seem to be fast losing all private virtue, simply because this monstrous iniquity and hypocrisy clings to us so firmly. It is my belief, before Heaven, that our safety from the most utter and wretched destruction which ever befell a nation lies in immediate abolition. And by "immediate abolition," I do not mean that it shall take place to-day or to-morrow, but that the measures for its abolition shall now be commenced, and carried on as the prudence of men and the necessity of things shall direct. As long as we set our faces the other way, as long as the whole tone of every political party in the country is in favor of the existence of slavery, I see nothing before us but ultimate ruin; and loving America as I do, with all the patriotism that it is possible for any one to feel, if there be no other, no higher interests involved than simply the welfare of my country, if all humanity were not interested in this question, I should say, By insurrection, by purchase, by any means, let slavery be terminated; otherwise, we are ruined!

It seems to me, Mr. President, that no one can read the proceedings of the last one or two months in Congress and in political conventions, without, if he has not before, accepting—almost accepting—the doctrine of the "total depravity" of mankind. When were such infamous doctrines ever maintained before? and when were they ever maintained in such infamous language? It seems as if, with our public and private virtue, we were fast losing our mental power; and the wickedness of the sentiments advanced, by Democrats and even by Republican orators, is only equalled by the meanness of their style. They talk to us in the language of the bar-room, in the language of idiocy. There is not a respectable argument, not a respectable joke, even, in all these speeches. It is like the maudlin talk of the worst of men, in their drunkenness. And this it is which, while it fills me with horror, almost takes away hope. It seems to me that we are losing everything which could give us greatness as a nation, greatness as a community. It is only when I turn to that despised race, one of whom has just addressed you, or when I notice the career of those few persons who fully understand, as John Brown did, the immensity of this question, that I feel my hope revive; and when I see, in a nation like this, with thirty millions of people, even a single family like that of John Brown, who from the cradle have known no principle, no ambition, no love, except this high devotion to the noblest of causes, it seems to me that we must not yet despair of the Republic. But if this year and its lesson shall pass by, if this costly sacrifice shall have been made, and the people not be aroused, if the year 1861 shall see us in the same position in which the year 1859 left us, then I, for one, shall feel like abandoning this last hope of Democracy, and shall wish to give my allegiance to that old and respectable oligarchy from which, eighty-four years ago, we separated ourselves. That is my feeling to-day; it is my constant feeling. We are seeing the best, the only honest experiment at Democracy ruined before our eyes; and if it does not last through its first century, when can we expect it to be again successfully tried?

But this is all, perhaps, the excited feeling of the moment. It is true, that there is much to be said on the other side. It is true that many unfortunate circumstances, independent of the baseness of men, have led us into our present position. I must say, that while I sympathize with the feeling which Mr. Douglass has expressed about Mr. Lincoln and the party which he represents, I have some hope from the success of that party in the coming election, which I believe is now assured. I do not know what abyss of corruption may have been prepared for the reception of this new President and his new administration, I do not know how far the base doctrines which guide the leaders of the Republican party have been infused even into their hearts, and I do not know how far the people, the source of all power, are corrupted. I hope that, after the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln on the fourth of March, we shall see the wheels of the Administration reversed in their course; that we shall see some stop put to our present lamentable decline. That is my present hope for freedom. Beyond that, deeper than that, because always working, lies the faith which I have in the few men in the country who are possessed of the magnitude of the issue, and my faith in that Eternal Power who, though He destroys our hopes, though He builds and unbuilds nations, always, in all His changes, has seemed to carry forward the advancement of mankind.

I have already occupied too long—longer far than I intended—your time, and claimed your attention. As I said at the beginning, I am no orator; it is always with pain that I find myself called upon to speak. My vocation, if I have any in this matter, is to act; and if by what I have said, I shall have induced a single person to reflect more on this particular mode of action which I have suggested, I shall feel some satisfaction in having so long trespassed upon your patience (applause).

Mr. Douglass—I wish, in justification of myself, to make a brief explanation in regard to something that has transpired since I took my seat. I understand that a distinguished Senator from Massachusetts is now in the audience—the Hon. Henry Wilson—and that he, sharing largely in the prejudices of that class of Republicans and Democrats in Illinois, who think that a colored man cannot tell the truth, has said that my statement in regard to Mr. Lincoln's having introduced into Congress a Fugitive Slave bill for the District of Columbia was a lie. It was introduced on the 10th day of January, 1849. See *Congressional Globe*, appendix, second session, 30th Congress, page 212:

"Section 5. That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby empowered and required to provide active and efficient means *to arrest and deliver up to their owners fugitive slaves escaping into said District.*"

I think this is all I need say in reference to that (applause.)

The President was about announcing another speaker, when Senator Wilson was observed advancing towards the platform, which was at once yielded to him; and when the applause which greeted his coming had subsided, he addressed the audience, substantially as follows:

Speech of Hon. Henry Wilson.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I came here to-day, as I often do, to listen to the words of men whose devotion to a proscribed and hunted race has ever won my respect and admiration; and although they deem it to be their duty to criticize my acts and the acts of those with whom I associate, I have never, in any place or on any occasion, uttered a word which reflected upon their motives. The gentleman to whose eloquence I have just listened with admiration, has seen fit to make a personal allusion to me in regard to a fact stated, and I feel it my duty here and now to put that matter right. I assert that the statement which he made did not and does not convey the truth to this audience. The fact is that eleven years ago, in that age of compromises and concessions, Mr. Lincoln introduced a bill into Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, with the assent of the people. Or rather, Mr. Lincoln rose in his place and asked leave to introduce a bill to abolish slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and in order to aid in that movement of humanity, he made in that bill the constitutional provision in reference to the return of fugitives coming into that District. If the gentleman had stated the whole truth, I should have been content. But, sir, it seems to me unnecessary, in the presence of the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts, to refer with bitterness to the acts of a public man eleven years ago, who in advance of his age and time asked leave to introduce into the Congress of the United States a bill to make the District free territory, and abolish that odious and infamous slave trade. Mr. Lincoln was born in Kentucky, a slave State, and went to Illinois, and living in a portion of that State which did not entertain the sentiments of this State, and with a constituency living under what he called the Black Laws of Illinois, he went into Congress and proposed to make the District of Columbia free. I think that he should be honored for that and not misrepresented (applause).

As for the remarks of the gentleman against myself, I will say that I have been an anti-slavery man since 1836. It is all the politics I ever had or ever expect to have. To carry out those views I have acted both with and against all parties, just wherever I could strike the heaviest blow against slavery and its power; and so far as the Republican party carries the flag of opposition to slavery, I am with it; and when it throws by the flag, I shall leave the party, and go on, as I have from other parties. The gentleman has referred critically to me. I would not charge him with intentional unkindness. No doubt he was sincere. He is pleading for a proscribed race, and I bid him God speed in his work. I give him, however, one word of advice. When he criticizes the men who are fighting the battles of freedom in this country, I ask him to do them justice.

A bill was before Congress to appropriate $25,000 for education in the District of Columbia, for the poor children, and the Republican Senators moved to include colored children. We met with nothing in the Senate but sneers and remonstrances. I felt it to be my duty to advocate that policy of educating the poor colored children of Washington, and in doing it, I proudly referred to the condition of the colored men of my own State, who have the right of suffrage, of education, and nearly every right I have. A question was put to me by a Senator, whether I believed that the colored men of this country were equal, mentally, to the white race. I answered, no; but there were reasons why they are not. I asked him if it was any reason why a man should be wronged because he was not equal with another. My speeches were in consonance with the idea which I have always carried out, that we have no right to wrong others because they are not our equals. I know that because a man is not my equal physically and intellectually, I owe him a duty to defend him in all the rights which I claim for myself. I have ever denounced the idea that any can wrong or oppress a race on account of inferiority. I felt it unkind to hold me up before a Massachusetts audience as under the dictation of men that I am not accustomed to receive dictation from. Every vote of mine, every word, is open to criticism. All I ask is that I shall have meted out to me what I mete out to you—exact justice—that is all I ask.

I said that I believed in the equality of all men before the law—that is my doctrine. The Republican party believes slavery to be a moral, political and social evil. It has pronounced against human slavery everywhere. It recognizes slavery as a local institution, which Congress may not touch in the States where it exists; but claims the power to keep slavery out of the Territories, knowing that in time it will give us such an overwhelming power as to enable us to check slavery over all the continent. If it fails in 1860, it will be because the country is not ripe enough for it. If it succeeds, it will overthrow the influence of slavery in the Government. The Republican party leaves slavery in the South to be dealt with by the people of the South, whenever we can change the heart and conscience of the people of those States.

This is the Republican position. Place a President in the chair opposed to slavery anywhere and everywhere, but recognizing the right of the States—carry the Government, change the Senate, the Supreme Court, and put the Federal Government against human slavery and slave influence in America. We leave it then in the States, shorn of its political power. Politicians will no longer worship slavery, because it does not give them control of the country. Leave it open to the influence of Christianity; leave it to be pressed upon by every good influence. How long do you suppose it will live when you take the power of this Government from it, and leave it to the legitimate influences of a humane and Christian civilization?

When you undertake to arraign men who, in the halls of Congress, before dominating majorities, in a city where public sentiment is against them, where the sneer and profane word meet them at every step in the streets, are true to the right, I ask you when you deal with such men that you shall do them justice, and that if they have done good deeds and brave deeds, that you say it. And when they make mistakes, if they do so, as men who love the cause of freedom, do not misinterpret them or misrepresent them.

Gentlemen, I do not agree with you in many things. I differ with you in regard to political action, concerning the Constitution and the Union. I agree with you in one thing—in a deep and profound love of liberty, and a hatred of human slavery. For a quarter of a century, when I could do so, I have attended your meetings, and have never uttered one word of unkindness against you, although you know that I differ with you concerning the Union, the Constitution and the mode of action.

How was it at the last session of Congress? John Brown had just been executed. There was great hostility manifested on all hands to all men who are opposed to slavery. The very first day we were put on trial before the country. We were upbraided as traitors. We saw that the great object of our opponents was to create a panic in the country. We stood coldly and calmly, and heard their denunciations. We knew that we were right, and that our time would come. It did come. For the last four months, the aggressive steps of slavery have been resisted by the Republican party. We have seen the chiefs of slavery quail. We have seen the haughty flag of Slave Democracy shivered to fragments, and there never was an hour in the history of the country when anti-slavery men had so much to hope for. We have organized a party to take the government out of the hands of the Slave Power. We would leave the country open to the healing influences of truth, and justice, and right; and I say to men who cherish gloomy thoughts, that now, above all hours, is the hour of hope for the country.

The anti-slavery movement was begun twenty-five years ago, amid opposition and persecution, by a despised few. To-day, the country is torn by the irrepressible conflict, and men beyond Mason and Dixon's line are coming to aid the cause. It takes time to accomplish the noblest objects. The sentiments of a great nation are not to be changed in a day nor an hour. The cause is going onward, and, through or over parties, we are marching on to certain success (applause). Even what our friend who spoke here this morning called the black code of Illinois, will yet crumble before the march of progress. The battle is fought by the Republican party on the truest and strongest ground, on legal and constitutional grounds. When it wins against slavery extension, it wins against everything. When the Slave Power goes down in the national government, it goes down forever (great applause).

Gentlemen, the Republican party is not a party of abolition. It is opposed to human slavery everywhere—at home and abroad—in the South, in Cuba and Brazil. But the Republican party recognizes the fact that slavery in America is local—a State institution, existing by the force of State laws, for which the nation is not legally responsible. The Republican party recognizes State rights—it does not assume Federal powers not granted in the Constitution. But the Republican party claims the power and assumes the duty of excluding slavery from the Territories. It was organized upon that idea. It has engraved upon its flag this great doctrine of the Fathers embodied in the Ordinance of 1787. Its mission is to save the vast Territories of the United States to freedom—to bring that Territory into the Union as free States—to overthrow the power of slavery in the government, and put the nation on the side of freedom, and leave slavery in the States to go down under the holy influences of all that is pure and noble in the universe of God.

Mrs. Foster—I wish Mr. Wilson would answer one question before he leaves the platform. It is this: Wherein is the Republican platform, on the subject of slavery, better than the Whig platform, when that party made its last effort, and Mr. Wilson left the party because he could not stand on that platform? If he will answer that question, I think we shall all be edified.

Senator Wilson—I hope I shall not be kept on the platform answering questions; but if they are put, I shall certainly answer them (applause). The question put to me is—and it is a fair question, and I will meet it fairly—wherein the Republican platform differs from the platform of the Whig party, on which I refused to act? I will state the difference.

The Whig party of Massachusetts, from 1837 to '48, maintained, on the slavery question, the precise position of the Republican party to-day. [A Voice—"Amen!"] There is an admission. I coöperated with that party during those years, because it professed to be anti-slavery. [Another Voice—"Amen!"] (Laughter.) How was it with the Whig party of the United States, of which the Whig party of Massachusetts was one branch? The Whig party of the United States never did, as a national party, occupy a position against slavery extension—never! ["Amen!"] Its Northern men in Congress were against slavery extension; its Southern men for it, or uncommitted. The party was divided upon that question, and tolerated the difference. In 1848, in the great crisis of the country, when we had obtained, by the peace with Mexico, half a million square miles of free territory, the question arose, Shall this territory be continued free, or shall it be slave territory? The Democracy, North and South, went against keeping it free territory. The Southern Whigs were for leaving it open—taking substantially the position of Douglas to-day. The Philadelphia Convention was held. I went there as a member of the Convention. We proposed to the South simply to stand by the Wilmot Proviso, but the National Whig party hurled the doctrine out of the Convention, and trampled it under foot; and when it did so, I took my hat and marched out of the Convention (loud applause, and cries of "Good").

My friend (Mrs. Foster), in measuring the Whig party, measures it, not by the national Whigs, but by the Whigs of this State, and a few other Northern Whigs, who occupied precisely our position to-day.

Now, how stands the Republican party? This party was founded upon the acceptance of the Wilmot Proviso. It separated from the Whig and Democratic parties on that question; it went out because they were false to that principle. It laid its corner-stone upon the doctrine of the power of Congress and the duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in every Territory of the United States (applause). Since 1848, when we left the Philadelphia Convention, and, thirteen unknown men, without national reputation, assembled together and made arrangements for calling the Buffalo Convention of that year, we have grown up, until we are a million and a half or two million of men, standing upon the fundamental idea that Congress has the power, and that Congress is bound to prohibit slavery in the Territories of the United States. That is our position; that is our difference from the Whig party; and I hope my friend now understands the difference.

Mrs. Foster—My friend has made quite a speech, but he has not answered my question. I asked him the difference between the Republican platform of to-day and that of the Whig party when he left it. I am talking about *platforms*, and not about Massachusetts Republicans and Illinois Republicans, or Massachusetts Whigs and Illinois or Carolina Whigs. I know there was a great difference between the Whigs of Massachusetts and the Whigs of the South and the Whigs of Illinois, and that there is a great difference between the Republicans of one place and another; I only ask him this: What is the difference between the Republican platform of to-day and the Whig platform when he left that party? I ask him, would he not scout with indignation and loathing the thought that he could have voted for Daniel Webster, after his speech of 1850; and I ask him what is the difference between Daniel Webster in 1850 and Abraham Lincoln in 1860? ("Hear, hear.") I do not care about a long speech; though I do not care how long it is, if he will answer me directly those two short questions.

Senator Wilson—I thought I had answered the question—I am sure that I did so (applause). However, I will endeavor to make myself understood by my friend who has put the question.

In 1848, when the Whig party held its National Convention, it adopted no platform at all; it had no platform and no position. The effort was made to have it take the position of the Wilmot Proviso, and against the extension of slavery; and, if it had done so, neither Mr. Allen nor myself, who were in the Convention, nor Mr. Sumner and others, who were out, would have separated from that party. In 1852, the Whig party did take a position, and it was in favor of the Compromise of 1850, and against the agitation of the slavery question at all, in Congress or out of it. That was the last battle of the Whig party—it perished then.

A Voice—What was that Compromise?

Senator Wilson—I am asked what that Compromise was. It was the organization of the Territories of Utah and New Mexico, without any prohibition of slavery, but with the condition that they might come into the Union slave States or free States, according to their own pleasure.

In 1856, we had our first National Republican Convention. There we pronounced in favor of the power and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories. We have gone even beyond that, now, in 1860, for we have put into our platform a doctrine of the boldest character, namely, that slavery cannot exist in the Territories of the United States; we have assumed the doctrine that a slave cannot tread the soil of the Territories of the United States. That is our position to-day—a position in advance of the Wilmot Proviso. If my friend will study our platform carefully, she will find, that on this subject of opposition to slavery and the Slave Power and slavery extension, the Republican party occupies an impregnable position, and that it does not stand where the Whigs stood when we left them, nor where Daniel Webster stood in 1850, for, in 1850, he made a speech against applying the Wilmot Proviso to Utah and New Mexico. That was the doctrine of his speech. It was a change from the old position of the Whigs of this State, who had held that doctrine for years. They finally abandoned the doctrines, and they died. We took those doctrines, and we have lived; and I hope we shall go into power; and I hope we shall be true to our doctrines, and carry them out. If we are, I believe we shall be sustained by the growing public sentiment of the country, and if we fail to be true to them, we shall perish—and we ought to perish; and, for myself, I intend to do what I can, in that event, to make the party perish (applause).

Mr. Garrison said, that as it was time to adjourn, he would not detain the audience, except to say, that if his memory served him, the statement of Senator Wilson, that it is declared in the Republican platform that slavery cannot lawfully exist in the Territories, was incorrect. All that he understood the Republican platform to deny was the extreme Southern doctrine, that slave property, everywhere, is just like any other property, and, therefore, in the Territories of the United States, ought to receive the protection of the whole country, ought to be defended by the General Government, with force and arms, if necessary, and that every slaveholder has a right to take his slaves thither, and to hold them as slaves in bondage. He should maintain, until better informed, that between Stephen A. Douglas, with his doctrine of "popular sovereignty," and the doctrine of the Republican party, according to the Chicago platform, there was no essential difference. A copy of the Republican platform, Mr. G. said, had just been put into his hands, which he would examine during the intermission, and when they came together again, give the audience the result thereof.

Afternoon Session.—At quarter before three o'clock, the company again gathered around the stand, and the meeting was called to order by the President. After the singing of an appropriate hymn, Mr. Garrison took the platform, and spoke as follows.

Speech of William Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. President: I fully agree with my friend, Senator Wilson, that the Anti-Slavery cause is onward and upward, and that, either through the parties or over the parties now existing, it is bound to triumph at last. For one, I would not, on any account, do the slightest injustice, intentionally, to any man or body of men, to any party or sect in the land. We shall gain nothing, assuredly, by detraction; and we had better err on the side of charity than of intolerance. Hence, in all the phases which our strugle has assumed—and they have been multitudinous—I have endeavored to give every man his due, every party its due; and if I have failed to do so, I can truly affirm that it has been a matter of misjudgment, and not of design.

Now, in regard to the Republican party. Our friend (Senator Wilson) truly said, *it is not an anti-slavery party.* If it is not an anti-slavery party, what is it? The Republican party no more intends to meddle with slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line, or to aim at the emancipation of those now held in bondage, than it intends to seek, directly, the overthrow of the British monarchy. My charge against the Republican party is not that, amongst its members, there are not many warm anti-slavery hearts—I know that there are, very many; nor that the party is not, after all, the result of our moral agitation—I accept it as such, imperfect as it is; but, at the same time, our province is not to stop with compromises or compromisers. Our object is *the abolition of slavery throughout the land;* and whether, in the prosecution of our object, this party goes up, or the other party goes down, it is nothing to us. We cannot alter our course one hair's breadth, nor accept a compromise of our principles for the hearty adoption of the principles themselves. Our mission is TO REGENERATE PUBLIC OPINION. We are not concerned for the loaves and fishes of office; we are not seeking the elevation of any particular man, nor the success of any particular party. We are for the honest, fearless, impartial proclamation of God's everlasting truth, and applying that truth to the conscience of men—to parties and sects—to constitutions and laws—as we find them—never yielding one jot or tittle, though glad to observe the slightest sign of progress in any direction.

Of course, I do not compare the Republican party with the Democratic party. I do not believe that it is more dangerous to the anti-slavery cause than the Democratic party. I believe the Democratic party represents everything of hostility to freedom, everywhere, and that, as a party, it is the incarnation of the Southern slave oligarchy, ruled by it and controlled by it absolutely. The Republican party differs from the Democratic in this respect: it is made up largely of those who are, more or less, the friends of the anti-slavery cause; who contribute, more or less liberally, to carry on the general agitation; who, with all their timidity and inconsistency, are more or less earnest that something may be done, at least to stop the progress of slavery, if not for its direct abolition; and to this extent the party has always obtained justice at my hands. My friend, Senator Wilson, has never made a speech in Congress, looking in the right direction, that I have not felt gratified, and been willing to accord to him due credit; and so with every other prominent member of the Republican party; but when he or any other man stands upon this platform, or elsewhere, and assumes that we shall do the best service to the cause of the slave by grounding our arms, beating a retreat from the position which we now occupy, and going over to the Republican party as the hope of the country, I, for one, think he is laboring under a fatal delusion of mind, and cannot accept the proposition for one moment. The Republican party can do nothing, means to do nothing, for the abolition of slavery in the slave States.

Do not be deceived by the earnest utterance of glowing rhetorical phrases. What does the Republican party propose to do? To prevent, if it can, the extension of slavery into the Territories. Here is one of its resolutions adopted at Chicago:

"Resolved, That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; and that, as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no citizen should be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain the provisions of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States."

Now, this is clear, explicit, and above-board, and, so far as slavery is concerned within the Territories, seems to be uncompromising. It denies the right of any body of men to make slaves or to enforce slavery in the Territories; whereas the Democratic party, under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas, affirms the right of the people of any Territory to determine for themselves, by a majority vote, whether they will have slaves or not; and again, under the leadership of Mr. Breckinridge, of the other wing of the party, maintains that, constitutionally, any slaveholder has a right to hold his slaves in any Territory of the Union, against the verdict of its inhabitants, and in defiance of any law of Congress to the contrary.

Upon the non-extension issue, let the Republican party have all due credit; for it stands pledged before the world to see to it, if it has the governmental power, that in the Territories never shall a single slave be held in bondage. I am glad for all this, and I hail it as an evidence of the growth of our good cause throughout the free States. Never shall I have anything to say against an anti-slavery movement, to any extent whatsoever.

But there is another aspect of this question. How stands the Republican party under the Contitution of the United States? Does it hold any different doctrine, essentially, from the Democratic party, in regard to the old pro-slavery compromises? No. My friend, Mr. Wilson, will not deny that, by the United States Constitution, the slaveholders of the South have a right to a three-fifths representation of the slave property, and the Republican party does not mean to interfere with that representation. He will not deny that the Republican party holds to the rendition of fugitive slaves; certainly, it has spiked every gun even as against the accursed Fugitive Slave law of 1850. When that law was passed by Congress, the Republicans solemnly pledged themselves that they would never cease agitating until it was wiped out; but now, they do not roar, even as gently as a nightingale! They have now nothing to say against that law, and are doing nothing to prevent its execution in any of the States. So that, in that particular, it stands side by side with the Democratic party.

Again: I am not aware that the Republican party has ever denied, or that my friend Mr. Wilson denies, that, in case of any emergency on the part of the slaveholders, by the rising of their slaves to get their freedom through blood, the General Government is bound, being called upon for aid, to put down the insurgent slaves, either into their chains or into bloody graves.

These things being so, I charge upon the Republican party, that while it is doing something, as best it may, to prevent the extension of slavery in the Territories, under the Constitution, in regard to slavery where it exists, it gives the efficient sanction and support of the whole nation to the system; it gives all the military and naval power to the slaveholders and slave-drivers of the South, and that that power can be summoned at any time when it is needed, by the President of the United States, in the person of Abraham Lincoln, or any other representative of the Republican party.

Now, the question comes home to me, as an honest,

upright man, and as claiming to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," can I march up to the polls, and vote to sustain a Constitution containing such compromises, and be justified on the plea that I am aiming to prevent the extension of that very system which, in fifteen States of the Union, I am constitutionally upholding? In seeking to accomplish a good object, may I do a wicked act? May I adopt the jesuitical motto, that "the end sanctifies the means"? God forbid! Nor do I believe that any compromise with sin can turn out better than refusing to sin at all. Let God be trusted in every emergency, and the right adhered to; and though the devil may come in such plausible garb as almost to deceive the very elect, and say, "Only get down *a little* on your knees, and all the kingdoms of the earth shall be yours," I am bound to exclaim, with Christ-like fidelity, "Get thee behind me, Satan"! and trust to God for the rest (loud applause).

How can I be an anti-slavery man, and true to those in bondage, and hold up my hand and swear that in no part of the United States shall any poor fugitive slave find protection against his pursuers? But every man who joins the Republican party, and gives his vote for the Republican candidate, takes that dreadful oath. Is he justified in doing this on any pretence whatever? Not if I understand the nature of moral obedience, or the supremacy of conscience in all cases against legal injustice and organized iniquity. The Republican party stands on a level with the Fugitive Slave law. It has ceased all opposition to it; and having done that, of course, to that extent it is awfully guilty. And shall I vote that the men who buy, and sell, and steal their fellow-creatures shall have political power put into their hands, in proportion to the extent of their thefts, and the number of victims they may plunder and dehumanize? Shall I do this for any conceivable purpose whatever? No! If I could *seem* to effect any conceivable good by first doing a criminal act, I should feel myself precluded from so acting by a moral obligation which I could not escape, nor safely disregard!

Now, a word in regard to Abraham Lincoln, the Presidential candidate of the Republican party. Our friend said that, eleven years ago, Mr. Lincoln introduced into the House of Representatives a bill for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, though, to be sure, he did, at the same time, propose a Fugitive Slave bill for that District; and he complained of our eloquent friend, Mr. Douglass, that he did not tell the whole story. I presume that Mr. Douglass did not know that Mr. Lincoln had made the proposition for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District. But he did Mr. Lincoln no injustice. I would ask, does Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, propose the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia? I wait for an answer. [No reply.] I would ask my friend, Mr. Wilson, does the Republican party, in 1860, propose the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia? [No reply.] I affirm that it does not. It does not undertake to meddle with slavery where it now exists, but defends it, from invasion without and insurrection within, by the strong arm of the general Government. That is not the party for me—it may be for you. I am for meddling with slavery everywhere—attacking it by night and by day, "in season and out of season"—(no! it can never be out of season)—in order to effect its eternal overthrow (loud applause). The party that undertakes to let it alone, to let it fester and grow and spread, as it will, if it be let alone, is not the party for me. It may not be, in all respects, as bad as another party, but it is *so* bad that I cannot touch it, and will not give it any countenance whatsoever. "*Excelsior!*" will be my cry. Higher yet! Upward and onward! "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!" Down with this slaveholding government! Let this "covenant with death and agreement with hell" be annulled! Let there be a free, independent Northern Republic, and the speedy abolition of slavery will inevitably follow (loud applause). So I am laboring to dissolve this blood-stained Union, as a work of paramount importance. Republicans, you may vote under it, if you will; you may throw up your caps in favor of it, as you may; yet you will find, if you dare to be men, and are loyal and true to those in bondage, that you are cherishing a fatal delusion, and that, on Southern soil at least, your Union is only a mockery and an outrage.

Here is my friend, Henry Wilson—a Massachusetts man—a Massachusetts Senator. He eulogizes the Constitution, and glories in it; boasts of the "star-spangled banner," and does not object, as I do, to having it wave over his head; throws up his cap in behalf of "the glorious Union," and burns incense upon its altar; and yet he knows that, in the slave States, he has no more liberty of speech than the plantation slave, but must wear a padlock on his lips, or die. Now, when a man has come to that extremity, and knows that he cannot have any liberty in one-half of the Union which he is so fond of extolling, but will nevertheless persist in crying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" he is clearly infatuated. For one, I am filled with amazement, and know not what to make of it. A Union that does not allow me to speak my free thoughts is a Union that I would instantly dissolve and destroy. No lover of freedom ought to uphold it.

As for Mr. Lincoln, he does not, I repeat, now go for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, as he did eleven years ago. I say this, because he has been dumb ever since, and no effort is making by the Republican party to purge that District. Under these circumstances, it was no injustice to Mr. Lincoln, on the part of my friend, that he omitted to mention—if he knew the fact—that Mr. Lincoln proposed the abolition of slavery in the District, with the consent of the slaveholders (!), at the time he made his proposition for the recapture of fugitives within the same limits.

Now, is a man who, in one breath, is in favor of providing for the seizure and rendition of fugitive slaves in the District of Columbia, and in the next breath is for the abolition of slavery, with the consent of the enslavers, in the same District—is such a man worthy of confidence and support? Such a man shall never have my vote, either to occupy the Presidential chair, or any other official station.

My friends, our best service to the country, to the cause we love, to those who are in bondage, is to be uncompromising with our principles. "Let the dead bury their dead!" Disclaim and repudiate the old compromises, and declare that you can no longer stand by them. Let the great North be cleansed; and, in doing this, we shall do the work of immediate and thorough abolition. Our compromises keep the slaves in their chains. It is because we are content with something besides inexorable justice, that the millions are held in bondage. It looks plausible to choose between two corrupt and time-serving parties, one being a great deal worse than the other; but I hold it to be unsound in moral philosophy. If we have a radical principle, we ought to stand by it, come what may; and, in standing by it, we shall do better than we can by any compromise thereof.

I conclude by saying, that while I will give all due credit to the Republican party for attempting to prevent the existence of slavery in the Territories, I charge upon that party that it is willing to stand by a Constitution saturated with the blood of the millions in bondage, and that it proposes no change in the action of the government in that particular, and therefore, by giving, through constitutional guarantees, the whole power of the government to the service of the slaveholders, against their slaves, in times of exigency, that party is perpetuating human bondage on the American soil (applause).

THE PRESIDENT—At the time Mr. Wilson came forward—whom we were so glad to see upon this platform, and whose appearance has given rise to so interesting an episode in this meeting—I was on the point of introducing our old and faithful friend, PARKER PILLSBURY, whom we have not seen on such an occasion for a long time, and whom we are the more glad to see now, on that account. He will now address you (applause).

Speech of Parker Pillsbury.

I doubt, Mr. Chairman, whether I shall be able to make myself heard, and certainly to any extent, and so, without any preliminary, what I have to say I shall say in the fewest words and moments possible.

It seems to be a beautiful principle in nature, that wherever there is evil, there is also a corresponding remedy. The same Newburyport that gave to the world the calamity of a CUSHING (laughter), gave it also the blessing of a GARRISON (applause).

MR. GARRISON—Will my friend allow me a word to set him right in this matter? I am most happy, for the honor of Newburyport, to declare that Caleb Cushing was never born in that town (applause). Newburyport had a very narrow escape, and a very fortunate one. Mr. Cushing happened to be born in Salisbury, but, in early childhood, came over to Newburyport with his parents; and so, fortunately for Newburyport, but very unfortunately for Salisbury, Mr. Cushing was born in the latter place.

MR. PILLSBURY—Well, then, I think there is only the Merrimack between—a river not greatly wider than the Jordan, over which, according to Bunyan, we pass at death rather than birth—though there is this additional difference here; that instead of Newburyport going over the Jordan to Death, Death hastened over to Newburyport (loud laughter and applause).

I was going on to say, also, that the same thing had appeared in Chicago; for whereas there is one STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, who is reputed to have emigrated there, God, in the wisdom and goodness of his providence, sent, soon afterwards, FORD DOUGLASS to correct that great evil also (renewed applause). And, again, I think our meeting to-day is peculiarly favored by his presence. Last year, I believe, was signalized by the appearance of a new planet in the heavens. We also made the discovery of this new Douglass in the moral skies; and that, I think, should mark the year as memorable. I certainly regard it as the happiest event of my life, that I was permitted to be the discoverer; and the peculiar benefit of his presence to-day is, that he has exhibited a power beyond that of all of us combined, in that he has elevated a Massachusetts Senator very much higher than ever one was seen before (great cheering). I think this, therefore, should be set down among the "red letter days" in the next almanac (applause).

I wish also to say in regard to our friend WILSON, that although I never saw him before on our platform, I have frequently seen him in our anti-slavery meetings. Indeed, I think he never lets one of them escape. Last year, I had the pleasure of speaking three times in his own town of Natick; and I had also the pleasure, each time, of seeing him present, and I was told by the Finance Committee, that my collection was considerably increased by his beneficence. But I want you, Mr. Chairman, to see to it that this statement does not go any further than here, because, if it should get to Washington, I fear it might do him serious damage (laughter). His presence here to-day has redeemed, somewhat, I think, the Republican party. I remember our friend FOSTER used to complain—and with some degree of justice, too—that there was never any Republican of repute or influence who would appear on our platform, but that, if any of them came, they were those who were a little unfortunate, and did not do the party any particular credit by their presence. It is not so, certainly, here to-day.

Then, there was another thing. Our friend gave us one excellent piece of counsel or advice. I felt like thanking him for teaching us that word, although I do not know that the lesson was particularly needed by any of us—I trust it was not by me; and that was, that when we deal with our public men, we should endeavor to do them "justice." I have heard of an Irishman, who exhibited great trepidation in court, on being placed at the bar for trial, and the judge tried to comfort him by assuring him that he should certainly have *justice*, and therefore he need not fear. "Indade, your honor," said he, "that is the only thing I do fear" (laughter and cheers). I suppose our friend Wilson thought that Mr. Douglass was not quite just in his criticisms of the course of Abraham Lincoln, some ten or twelve years ago; I think that Mr. Wilson was quite as unjust towards Mr. Lincoln. It is true that the bill which he introduced into Congress provided for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia; but it is not true, as our friend Wilson intimated, that the bill was introduced for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade there; because, if that had been so, then certainly we should have had a most fearful charge against Horace Mann, John G. Palfrey, Horace Greeley, and various other champions of the Republican party, in that they voted *against* the only bill ever introduced for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, for all those men voted against it; while, on the other hand, Brown of Mississippi, Toombs of Georgia, and various other of the regular fire-eaters, voted for the measure.

If all this be true, I do not know what our friend meant by calling Mr. Lincoln the least of two evils—or, I suppose we must say, four evils. Evils seem to be plenty, and, of the four, I think we had better reject the whole, for if we had so much trouble with two, I do not know what we may expect with four. If these fire-eating Democrats are the only men to vote for a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, then, I say, God help the fire-eating Democrats, even at the expense of the Republican party! (Applause.) But the fact is, Mr. Lincoln had no such intention, or, if he had, there was a ridiculous absurdity apparent in it, for we have been assured that he consulted the largest slaveholders of the District, and introduced into the bill a provision for submitting the question to the people themselves—"Shall this bill become a law?" Now, I suppose your thieves and rogues in Massachusetts do not care how many bills you introduce against horse-stealing, provided you go and ask every horse-stealer, before or afterwards, whether he is willing they shall become the law of the State. My friend Mr. Foster used to complain of Mr. Mellen, and other volunteer champions of the Republican party, in olden times, that they did not make a worthy defence of the party, and that the abler men all stood aloof; but really, if this defence is the best Mr. Wilson has to make of it, I do not think the party has much of which to boast, and its defence had better be left to Mr. Mellen.

I am here to use the little strength I have in the best way I know; and perhaps it is not best I should spend it in criticizing the Republican party, after the severe remarks which have been made upon it by our friends who have preceded me; and yet really I do not know why I or anybody else need to speak at this time of anything but political parties. There are four Presidential candidates in the field. I suppose they will do one another justice, for they say, when rogues fall out, honest men are likely to get at the truth. The telegraph says that Mr. Gwin has had an almost Kilkenny-cat encounter with James Buchanan; and while there is such loving fellowship between the different branches of the Democratic party, I think we had better commend them all to a Kilkenny-cat victory, and there leave them. They will do each other justice; or, if they fail, Mr. Lincoln and his friends are in the field, to stand by and help; and I presume they look upon the fight as did the good woman who saw her husband and the bear in such close proximity (laughter).

The Republican party has a power over the conscience of the country which no other party ever possessed. Why, it was delightful to hear the most radical and ultra anti-slavery sentiments uttered by our friend Wilson the most loudly applauded. I told Mr. Wilson last summer that the Republican party would do well enough were it not for those nightmare politicians who had lighted upon its breast. Now, he stands up here and utters thoroughgoing, Garrisonian anti-slavery, and they applaud him very highly for it. I do not believe that beautiful tree [designating one of the finest in the grove] is sounder at heart than most Republicans are; the only trouble is, that there is a pressure of time-servers and trimmers on the top of it, and its throbbing pulsations are prevented. Now, if Mr. Wilson and Mr. Sumner would come to our platform and preach this kind of anti-slavery to the people, they would have to say of us and them, just as we have now to say of them and Stephen A. Douglas and his friends, "Really, they are so much alike, we do not see any difference between them"; and here to-day, if you had not seen his face, you would not have known whether it was Senator Wilson, or Mr. Quincy, or Mr. Foster talking that strong anti-slavery. But here is where the difficulty lies—and it is a very serious difficulty. Our friend, Mr. Wilson, talks here Garrisonian anti-slavery—I thank him for it; and whenever I go abroad among his constituency, I shall tell them, "It is perfectly safe for you now to come to our platform, for Mr. Wilson has been there, and wherever he may go, you may;" but here is the difficulty—in talking about Mr. Lincoln ten or eleven years ago, we overlook, or, at any rate, may overlook, a better opportunity of knowing what is his position to-day. The Republican party has now its campaign documents in the field. I hold one of them in my hand. This is said to be a very good likeness of Abraham Lincoln [showing the picture], and I think it may be, for it is rather a homely, coarse-looking man, and that is what they say of him (laughter). I do not speak to his discredit; I like these homely-looking men, and you see I have a reason for it, perhaps (renewed merriment). But, Mr. Chairman, in tracing the course of Mr. Lincoln for the last ten years, I fail to find anything in the record worthy of the high testimony borne in his favor here to-day. On the contrary, comparing him with Senator Douglas, I fail to see any essential difference between the two. And this I am sure of, that last year, when I was in Ohio, and the election of State officers was pending, a Mr. Dennison, the present Governor of that State, was in the field as a candidate, and Mr. Lincoln, in behalf of his friend, delivered several speeches in the State, into which, I suppose, he put the doctrines and sentiments by which he is willing to be judged to-day. Now you, in voting for Abraham Lincoln, hope to vote for anti-slavery. You have been assured here to-day, that you would be voting for anti-slavery ultimately, if not immediately, in voting for him. I stand here to-day to give it as my deliberate opinion, that in voting for Abraham Lincoln you as effectually vote for slavery as you would in voting for Stephen A. Douglas; and the reason I say so is because I have here the record of Mr. Lincoln himself upon all these subjects, and if there be really any difference between him and Stephen A. Douglas, his effort last year in Ohio, and his effort the present year, so far as I have seen, seems to be to make it as apparent as possible that there is no essential difference between him and the Democratic candidates.

Now, Mr. Chairman, on the first day of February last, Senator Seward, of New York, made a speech in the Senate of the United States, which, after a careful comparison of its various features and sentiments with Daniel Webster's bid for the Presidency, ten years before, on the 7th of March, I must say, I think suffers in the comparison; and I should like to see the Republican to-day who would stand up in the city of Washington and make one utterance that Daniel Webster made in that speech. Mr. Seward's grand object and aim seemed to me, on the 1st of February, utterly to deny the doctrine of an "irrepressible conflict" between the North and the South. He even went so far as to disclaim the word "slavery"—as cautious as the Constitution itself, and surely that is a height of caution that has never before been quite equalled—never, certainly, exceeded. I remember that, a good many years ago, Abbott Lawrence wrote some letters for the Richmond *Whig*, in which he referred to slavery as the "unenlightened labor" of the South! A few years afterwards, the Methodist Conference had occasion to deal with one of its Bishops on the same subject of slavery, and they spoke of slavery as an "impediment"! Mr. Seward refined on these two words; he called slavery "capital"!—I thought it the most *capital* joke of the season, and undertook to show that there was no conflict, repressible or irrepressible, between the North and the South. Now, then, it seems to me that when he was dropped, and Mr. Lincoln substituted, there should have been some reason for it. I know of but one; and that was, that Mr. Lincoln was the more available man of the two, and for the reason that his antecedents were less objectionable to the South than the antecedents of William H. Seward. Well, then, what are, exactly, the positions of Abraham Lincoln? I suppose this is good authority. It is a campaign document, and published for general circulation. On the very question of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, Mr. Lincoln is made to define his position. If it be true that Mr. Lincoln is in favor of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and of the slave trade there, he is very unfortunate in this later manifesto of his opinions, for, ten years after the introduction of that bill, we find him declaring, in so many words: "In relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, I have my mind made up. I should be exceedingly glad to see slavery abolished there. I believe that Congress possesses constitutional power to do it." Well, then, if Congress possesses the constitutional power, why hesitate? On what account does he defer it? For some reason, surely. "Yet, as a member of Congress, I should not, with my present views, be in favor of *endeavoring* to abolish it" (and "endeavoring" is italicized), "unless it should be upon these conditions: first, that the abolition should be gradual; second, that it should be on a vote of a majority of the qualified voters of the District; third, that compensation should be made to the unwilling voters." It has remained for the Republican party, I think, to furnish the first instance of submitting to thieves and rogues what kind of legislation they preferred. I never heard of a Democrat going that far. I think it has remained for the candidate of the Republican party to introduce that new anomaly in our national jurisprudence.

Now, I ask this audience, I ask my friend, Mr. Wilson, is that to be set up in his behalf? is that the best defence you can make of him? Because, if it is, you had better leave it to brother Mellen and the like of him. Those were the conditions under which he was willing to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

"Then, again, in regard to the other interrogatory" (in reference to the question of the abolition of the slave trade between the different States), "I can truly answer, I have not given any pledge in regard to it. It is a subject to which I have not given that mature consideration that would make me feel authorized to state a position so as to hold myself bound to it." I wonder if he has ever thought about the commerce in other articles! Here is the question of the slave trade between the States—an abomination, I suppose, without a parallel anywhere under heaven—and yet, we are told by this candidate of the Republican party that he has not given the subject that consideration which enables him to give an opinion by which he would be willing to be bound! "In other words, that question has never been prominently before me, to induce me to investigate whether we really have the constitutional power to do it." Would it not be well for the Republican party to send their candidate to some good law school three years, and let him study jurisprudence and the science of government? He is not quite certain about the traffic between the States in human beings. I suppose he has no difficulty in regard to the traffic in cotton, and sugar, and rice, and *tobacco*, even; I suppose his mind is fully made up on that; I scarcely ever saw a Western man who had any doubt upon that subject (laughter); but here is a question of the traffic in human beings, and he has not studied that subject sufficiently to be able to have any opinion about it! "I must say, however" (and I want you to hear this), "that if I should be of opinion that Congress does possess the constitutional power, I should still not be in favor of the exercise of that power, unless upon some conservative principle, akin to what I have said in relation to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia" (laughter). Now, I see before me a vast concourse of intelligent-looking men and women. I doubt not a large majority of the men present are members and zealous supporters of the Republican party. In giving your suffrages, gentlemen, for Abraham Lincoln, did you expect you were voting for such doctrines, and such doubts, as I have here read?

But I have not quite done reading. I will trouble you but for a moment. Our friend, Mr. Garrison, read one resolution from the Republican platform. Permit me to read one other passage from it: "That the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power upon which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends; and we denounce the lawless invasion, by an armed force, of any State or Territory, *no matter under what pretext, as amongst the gravest of crimes.*" Did you suppose, in voting for Abraham Lincoln, that you were going to vote John Brown the "gravest of criminals"? Because, if so, God have compassion on you! "The gravest of crimes" was the act of John Brown—our only hero of the nineteenth century! The poor old century, as Carlyle would say, had plodded on threescore years without a hero and without one heroic act, and I, for one, was beginning to despair of our country ever producing a hero, in the popular sense of the term "hero"—for *moral* heroism is a quality too sublime for the perception of this generation; and so when John Brown appears, in the true spirit of Lafayette, imitating, if not Jesus, certainly Moses and Joshua, why, the Republican party is about to decree him the "gravest of criminals," by its elevation to the Presidential chair of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Did you mean to do it? Does Henry Wilson believe that John Brown committed "a grave crime"? God forbid I should charge him thus. I know that when summoned before Mr. Mason's Senatorial inquisition he rather shrank from testimony which I think his son, forty years hence—if the bright looking boy lives—will be very sorry to say his father forgot to give. There were several champions of the Republican party summoned to the bar to testify what they knew; and one testified, "I know not the man"; and a maid saw him in an inn, and she said, "Thou surely must have been with him, for thy speech betrayeth thee. But he began to curse and swear, saying, I know not the man." And many a cock has crowed since, but I have seen no bitter weeping over the sin (laughter and applause). Think you, Mr. Chairman, that the sons of these men will not one day blush that their fathers said they knew nothing of John Brown and his movements? I happen to *believe* (you need not tell Mr. Mason of it) that some of them did know about it. They did not choose to tell him; I do not know that I should have told him, if I knew; I should have done as I pleased, for I hold that slaveholders have "no rights that *anybody* is bound to respect" (laughter).

But here is the Chicago platform pronouncing John Brown "the gravest of criminals." Why, Governor Wise did not do so badly as that. He said he was the bravest man he had ever seen; or, to use his Virginia parlance, "the pluckiest man he had ever seen"—and he had seen Mr. Wilson among the rest (laughter)—and he "could trust him to any extent!" Think of that! The Republican party brands him as a criminal, but the Governor of Virginia says he could trust him to any extent! Put it on record. And there is the record of the brave old man. I wish there were a telegraph between here and North Elba, that those who have gathered there to-day might know that the old man is not forgotten. But, fortunately, there is a telegraph between me and where the old man's spirit rests, and he knows all about it.

Now, our friend Wilson's record is not quite what I wish it were. I wish he would come to the platform and tell me what he meant by a passage in one of his speeches in Congress. He usually speaks to the purpose, and if his is not the polished eloquence of Everett, which amounts to nothing, it is generally that kind of sledge-hammer dealing with facts which amounts to everything. But, here is a slight exception to his usual fidelity, and I should like to know what is meant by it; for, if I mistake not, he is going to put our friend Garrison in the same category with John Brown, and call him "the gravest of criminals," for he purposes to "hang" whosoever lays hands on the Union, North or South, and "send his name down to posterity, stained with the doom of a traitor." I don't believe you want to hang Mr. Garrison, any more than you wanted to hang John Brown. I apprehend that Senator Wilson, if he were High Sheriff of the District of Columbia, or Grand Executioner in Chief of the country, would hire somebody to put the halter round our friend Garrison's neck, if he was to be hung. To be sure, he has not laid hands upon this Union, but I am mightily afraid that what he has done induced John Brown to do it, and therefore he might be hung as *particeps criminis*. I am very sure I should give my vote for it, if I was on the jury. There is no Republican here who means any such thing. "Honest old Abe," the man whom you are talking about running into the Presidency on that not very dignified vehicle, a rail, he may mean it; and I think, according to his doctrines, that is the proper vehicle on which he should ride; if our friend Wilson would carry one end of it, I would the other (laughter and applause).

I have not referred to the passage that Mr. Wilson read from the Chicago platform, but I will, for a moment. It is true that the declaration which Mr. Garrison read is contained in that platform, but the misfortune is that with such a platform as that, you should have nominated Abraham Lincoln. It is not your platform of which I complain, in that particular, but it is of your candidate; and inasmuch as the President, if it be Lincoln, is likely enough to be a little more than James Buchanan said he should be—(for you know he said he should be nothing but the platform, and I am sure he only told the truth)—it is important we should know what he is going to be; and, fortunately for us, and fortunately for you, if you are honest men, and want to know the truth, I can tell you what he is, as differing from the platform to which our friend Garrison called your attention. Stephen A. Douglas drove Mr. Lincoln, when they were canvassing Illinois, two years ago, into the very closest corners, I admit, and I should be sorry to hold him responsible for everything that the little giant wrung out of him; for he was not as fortunate as Bunyan's "Christian" was, in having "Greatheart" to overcome the giants, for the little giant was too much for him, without any "Greatheart." You heard Mr. Douglass say, this morning—and he is good authority—that the little giant has no heart at all. Here is what Mr. Lincoln said on the question of slave Territory: "Mr. Douglas complains that I do not fully answer the question. If I have the sense to comprehend, and the sense to answer, I have done so, fairly." Well, now, if he have the sense and judgment to comprehend, I suppose I can understand him when I read what he says: "The Judge says I do not declare that I would, in any event, vote for the admission of a slave State into the Union." There, you see, is where Judge Douglas drove him. I admit it was a close contest, but then, these are not times, as our friend Garrison said at the close of his remarks, these are not times for compromise, and we must be willing to meet the closest, strictest and severest tests—to go down, if need be, into the lion's den and into the fiery furnace. "If I have been fairly reported heretofore, he will see that I gave an explicit answer to that question. I did not merely say that I would dislike to be put to the test, but I said clearly, if I were put to the test, and a Territory from which slavery had been excluded should present herself, with a Constitution sanctioning slavery—a most extraordinary thing, and not likely to happen—I do not see how I could avoid voting for her admission" ("hear, hear"). That is Mr. Lincoln, not the platform; and I hope he will be rather more, if he is anything, than James Buchanan, who said he would be no longer James Buchanan, but the Democratic platform; and here we have the distinct avowal that he will be something more than the platform, namely, that "if a Territory from which slavery has been excluded,"—mark that!—"by act of Congress or otherwise, shall apply for admission, with a slaveholding Constitution, I see not how I could withhold my vote."

MR. FOWLER—I think you misconstrue the platform. Is there anything in the platform in relation to the exclusion of a State, pro-slavery or otherwise? I think there is nothing. It has reference only to the Territories.

MR. PILLSBURY—The platform reads, I think, distinctly, that it is the duty of Congress to prevent the admission of any more slave States into the Union:

"Resolved, That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; and that, as our Republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no citizen should be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain the provisions of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States."

That is the way the article reads, and I was willing to concede to our friend Wilson that he had stated the platform accurately; but I only wanted to show that they had made a mistake—which I could have corrected in a moment if they had asked me—in putting Abraham Lincoln on to such a platform, for he does not hold to that doctrine, but, on the contrary, expressly avows himself ready, even though the slave system "had been excluded from a Territory," to admit it as a slaveholding State; so that I will not differ from my good friend, Mr. Fowler—he may construe the language that way, if he thinks it proper—he may be right; I was only, for the sake of the argument, conceding to Mr. Wilson just what he claimed, and which I thought Mr. Garrison also was willing to concede. But the fact is here, that whatever the platform says, when you vote for Mr. Lincoln, you vote for a man who says, and has said more than once, as I can read from this book, that he "sees not how, if we own Territory, we can refuse to admit it, even as a slaveholding State."

Mr. Chairman, I should have stopped a good while ago, only that you all looked at me just as if you wanted to know what I had to say, and I have gone on. This is the difference between Mr. Lincoln and the platform; and this, too, is the difference between Mr. Lincoln and that kind of anti-slavery which our friend Wilson so nobly advocated and you so bravely cheered. I rose to correct your mistake; I hope I have done it, or, at any rate, that I shall. The other day, Horace Greeley, or some one in *The New York Tribune*, said, "We gave 1,400,000 votes for John C. Fremont; but to elect our candidate next November, we must cast two millions of ballots." Mark that! "Two millions of ballots." And what does a ballot mean? If I understand it—and I am willing to submit that question to you—a ballot is no more nor less than the utterance of a declaration which you are willing to defend, and that, consequently, on the same belt with your ballot-box, you have hung, also, your cartridge-box, and that your ballot is but the paper currency of which your bullet is the specie redemption. Well, then, two millions of men in the field, with Abraham Lincoln as Commander-in-chief! Two millions of men, not women, vote. God save you! You won't let women vote! I blame you not, if you mean to elect men like Abe Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. Two millions of men—not women. You can tax them, but you don't let them vote where the money shall go; for what John Browns it shall rear scaffolds, or for what Thaddeus Hyatts it shall build jails in Washington. You can tax them to build the jails, but you do not ask them who shall go in. You can tax them to rear scaffolds, but you do not ask them what John Browns shall dangle upon them. For, be it known to you, it was the Republicanism of the country that hung John Brown. It was your marines, brought up from Old Point Comfort—the only *comfortable point* that Virginia has, and that only comfortable because your marines are there to protect her. No, you tax the women, and then hang their husbands and their brothers for doing deeds that will purchase for them the kingdom of heaven, or heaven is not worth possessing. Two millions of men—not boys; for the youngest voter must be over twenty-one. Two millions of men!—the mightiest army ever marshalled under ancient conqueror or modern usurper! Two millions of men!—twice the army with which Xerxes invaded Greece and conquered wherever he went; four times the army that Bonaparte led into the field, before whose fiery breath Smoleska melted away, and Moscow, with all her grandeur, was known no more! Two millions of men, sworn and pledged on that Chicago platform, that John Brown was one of the "gravest criminals" that ever died by the halter. Mr. Chairman, that is not what these Republicans cheered when Senator Wilson stood here, to-day. Oh, if Senator Wilson would only go through the State preaching that doctrine, and then go to Washington, and preach it there! But that is asking too much of human nature—it is asking impossibilities. Senator Sumner has proved how little and how much can safely be said in Washington.

Now let me say one word, and I will stop. After all, it is not of your candidates, nor yet of your platform, that I complain. You have made a league with these tyrants, and they are cowards but for you. John Brown proved that. With eighteen men, and five of these "connecting links with the brute creation," he invaded and conquered Virginia, the mother of Presidents, and birth and burial place of Washington. With three-and-twenty men it was accomplished. Some said there was a cow as a supporter: that I deny; the cow did not come until afterwards, like Blucher after the victory was won (laughter). You by your Union saved Virginia, and then murdered noble John Brown.

No, Mr. Chairman, my complaint is, that these Republicans are slaveholders, and what matters it to the four millions of slaves whether Stephen A. Douglas or Abraham Lincoln sign the death-warrant of God's minister sent for their deliverance? It seems to me, that, were I a slave, I should rather you would keep, while the fellowship and covenant lasts, your vilest men at the head of this great conspiracy. It seems to me, while deeds so devilish are to be done, the blacker devil you get to do them, the better. When Bully Brooks was cudgelling to death, almost, Charles Sumner, two Wardens in your State Prison were just about to be murdered by two convicts. The indignation of the Commonwealth turned hotly against those two poor fellows, and you made haste to hang them. I told the Commonwealth, as far as I could make my voice heard, that I thought it fitter you should sentence them to six years in the Senate of the United States. With such work to do as the hanging of John Browns, the imprisoning of Hyatts, and the other abominations which slavery is constantly requiring, if you have any worse men than Henry Wilson—and I think you have—in God's name, keep Wilson at home for the next six years, and send them! And if you can find a viler man than Lincoln, elect him to the Presidency for the next four years, and double his salary, and then he will work too cheap (laughter and applause).

But, Mr. Chairman, this is too serious a matter about which to trifle, and I close, therefore, with this serious consideration. When you give your ballots for Abraham Lincoln, you vote for a Commander-in-Chief of that great army of two millions of men, pledged on the Chicago platform to maintain inviolate the rights of the States, and, in the language of Mr. Wilson's own speech in the Senate, pledged to hang whatever John Brown or Garrison shall lay hands on this "glorious" Union. Now, if you can go from this meeting and vote for Lincoln, why, then, go. I am sure your blood will not be found in my skirts! (Loud applause.)

[The speeches of ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, C. L. REMOND, and STEPHEN S. FOSTER were received too late for insertion this week.]

THE LAST OF THE BEREAN WAR.

[Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.]

MADISON Co., Ky., July 6, 1860.

THE futile attempt to silence C. M. Clay at Richmond was followed by the attempt of the Revolutionary Committee to kill Messrs. Haley and Bland. After wandering about many months in the free States, and in and about Madison County, they returned to Berea to see how the public sentiment toward them was. Immediately they were hunted by thirty-seven of the Revolutionary Committee, with shot guns, swearing to kill them wherever found! They went to C. M. Clay and claimed protection and advice. Mr. C. at once rallied his friends, prepared an outhouse for a fort, posted and loaded two small swivels, and awaited the coming of the pursuers. This they declined to do, some alleging that they had no quarrel with him. Mr. Clay then advised Haley and Bland to return to Washington County, where their families were, until he could perhaps conclude a peace. This was done on the following terms:

1. That Haley and Bland should return to their homes, and "the tomahawk be buried."

2. That if either party commenced aggression, then both should bring the offender to justice by the laws of the State.

The committee met, agreed to the terms, and disbanded. Some were, however, discontented, and concluded to carry on the war on their private account.

It was currently reported that C. M. Clay and party would be attacked on the 4th of July, and bets were offered by members of the Committee that C. would be silenced. About a thousand persons, mostly Republicans, met at the Glade on the 4th. Wm. Stopp, President of the Republican Central Club, took the chair, Dr. Curtis Knight, Secretary. Speeches were made by C. M. Clay and Granville West, Esqs, and the Declaration of Independence read by Thos. Coyle, Esq., of Madison County, who was also made elector for the Sixth Congressional District. The utmost good order prevailed, and the men and women enjoyed themselves by a picnic in the beautiful grove at "the Glade."

Messrs. Haley and Bland returned with their families to their homes on the night of the 3d, and were present on the 4th, with each a Colt's six-shooting rifle, and a belt with Colt's marine revolvers and bowie-knives. Several of the Republican Committee were on the ground, and one buggy containing several shot guns, but no assault was made. Such is the last, we trust, of the Berean War.

A KENTUCKY REPUBLICAN.

THE JOHN BROWN FUND.—*Le Progres* (newspaper), of Port au Prince, explains the misapprehension existing with respect to the amount collected in the republic for the widow of John Brown. The paper asserts that the subcriptions amounted on the 23rd ultimo to $27,031,37, in Haytien, and $684,06, in Spanish currency. The Haytien currency was at $15 to $1 Spanish, and at this rate, the $27,031,38 would be equal to $1,802,09 Spanish, which, added to the $684,06, subscribed in Spanish, made the sum total of the subscription $2,486,15 United States currency. The subscriptions were still going on, and were numerous, varying in amount from fifty cents to $100 in Haytien, and from twenty-five cents to $10 in United States currency. Petit Goave, a town of a few hundred inhabitants, furnished two hundred and nine subscribers.

ANOTHER NOBLE BENEFACTION.—John Rose, of New York, died a few months since and left, by his will, $300,000 to purchase a farm upon which to place such destitute children in New York as might be placed under the guardianship of the "Rose Benevolent Association." One of the conditions was that a like sum should be raised by others. At a meeting recently held in New York, the trustees of the People's College, at Havana, reported that Charles Cook, of that place, was ready to contribute the additional $300,000, provided the farm and institution should be located at that place.—*Albany Journal.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

ABOLITION TRIUMPHANT!

THE Twenty-sixth Anniversary of WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION will be celebrated, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, on WEDNESDAY, August 1st, at the beautiful Grove in NORTH ABINGTON.

Amidst the war of factions, the strife of parties, and the social antagonisms which convulse our country, the voice of British Philanthropy, of monarchical Liberty, speaking deliverance to Eight Hundred Thousand CHATTEL SLAVES, proclaims the justice, the divinity, the inevitable triumph of the Anti-Slavery principle; the ineffable baseness and hypocrisy of that Republicanism which holds four million men in chains; and the only method of solution for this problem of chattel bondage—the immediate and unconditional emancipation of every slave upon our soil. The day is consecrated to the achievement of this sublime purpose. The friends of impartial freedom, without solicitation, will throng the assembly; its enemies are cordially invited to be present.

☞ A special train will run on the Old Colony railroad, as usual; numerous speakers of ability and eloquence are to address the meeting. Further particulars soon.

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON,
E. H. HEYWOOD,
ELBRIDGE SPRAGUE,
THOS. J. HUNT,
SAMUEL DYER,
Committee of Arrangements.

PROSPECTS OF DISUNION.

IT really looks now as if we might be going to have another time to try men's souls, or, at least, their professions. As matters now are, it seems as if Mr. Lincoln can hardly fail of being elected President next November, and that by Northern votes only. The Breckinridge party do not seem disposed to play the game according to the advice of Fernando Wood, which, if the various elements of opposition to the Republican party really would unite upon one ticket in this State, might have the effect of throwing the election into the House of Representatives. New Jersey has already rejected this plan, and it will not, probably, be carried out anywhere. There are two elements in the Breckinridge wing of the Democracy which would resist any such arrangement to the uttermost. One is the Northern Administration faction, who would rather see Lincoln elected than Douglas come near it. Good honest hatred inspires these men, who regard Douglas as the assassin of the Democratic party, and think his defeat would be, at least, a revenge almost as good as a victory. These men will have no part nor lot with him. The other wing is that of the Southern Disunionists, who think that their time is at hand, even at the door. These men wish Lincoln to be elected for the very purpose of bringing on the crisis they have been long preparing for. The game will go well enough for their purposes, any way. Either Lincoln will be elected by Northern votes alone, which will give them their case for Disunion, if they dare to put it, or the election will fall back into the House, when it will virtually be in their hands. For, either there would be no choice in the House, and Lane would be chosen to reign over us as Vice-President, or Bell would be elected by coalition with the Republicans, with Lane as Vice-President, by the vote of the Senate, which would be a safe enough state of things for slavery, Heaven knows.

We know very well that it is the fashion, with Republicans especially, to deny the existence of a sincere Disunion party at the South. But that such an one exists is as clear as the existence of the Republican party at the North. The great difference between them is that the first is passionately in earnest and really possessed with a strong principle of action, while the latter is not more than lukewarm in its party-spirit, and has but a very weak principle of action for its inspiration. The security, predominance and supremacy of slavery are ideas which stir the souls of slaveholders in a very different degree than the idea of keeping it out of Territories which are disinclined to admit it, which is the distinguishing idea of the Republicans. The first touch every feeling of pride, of self-interest, of ambition in the South; the last only affects remote interests and distant dangers at the South. It is said that the slaveholders would not dare to dissolve the Union; because they would thereby lose the moral support and physical protection of the North. We think that this theory does not give the South the credit that is her due. It may be that slavery may not be strong enough to stand alone in the South, without the helping hand of the North—and we think that, in the course of time, it would prove so—but the slaveholders do not believe it. They are educated—raised, as they would say—in the fullest belief in their own prowess and the superiority of their race over ours. And, in point of fact, except in case of a foreign war, there is no reason why a Southern Confederacy should not stand by itself for a long time. Any general insurrection of the slaves, where they form so small a proportion of the population, and where the whites have all the intelligence, the arms and the discipline, is an absurd impossibility. There may be sporadic risings of slaves, as there always is, which may make the sense of personal insecurity so great as to lead to some modification and final abolition of slavery. But the overthrow of the whites by the blacks is a political, moral and military impossibility, which would never hinder any scheme of dissolution.

It is most unquestionably true that it would be greatly for the disadvantage of the slaveholders to separate from us. They would have then to pay the expenses of their government, which we now pay for them. They would have to maintain an army and navy, a post-office, and all the machinery of government, the whole of which is now paid for them, substantially, by the Northern custom-houses. But these calculations never enter into the minds of men when they go into revolution. Pecuniary interest is nothing, or but the ballast, that retards and steadies the craft; passion is the gale that drives it on to shipwreck or to glory. Revolutions are always bad for trade, and property falls in value, until they have settled down into a fixed order of things. We think it is clear that there is a large party at the South whose passions are fully aroused—who are determined to ruin if they cannot rule us—for they really believe that disunion would be our ruin. These are the ablest and most active men in the Southern Country. They have been for many years moulding the public sentiment there. They have even, to a considerable degree, overcome the natural *inertia* of wealth, and the indisposition of the men that have the greatest stake in land and slaves to move the quiet things in the midst of which they dwell. They have generated a feeling that it will be a personal dishonor, a thing disgraceful to gentlemen, to be governed by Yankees, and a conviction that their personal importance and the weight of the South in the affairs of the world would be greatly promoted by a separation from the North. Then the lewd fellows of the baser sort, that own no negroes and have no stake in the commonwealth, they are the natural materials with which to work in bringing about any kind of a revolution. Pay and provant would command any quantity of these "cankers of a calm world and a long peace."

That there is such a serious purpose of disunion in the South, in case slavery is to be dethroned from the supremacy she has always held in the affairs of the nation, we take to be self-evident. For it is openly avowed by numerous influential Southern papers, and is the staple of almost all their stump speeches, and, though Mr. Breckinridge and the men immediately concerned in the impending election disclaim any such purpose, it is because such a declaration is merely a decent cloak to cover their designs. They mean to preserve the Union, to be sure; but it is by maintaining the Democratic party in power: if this be done, the Union will, of course, endure, for the victory of the slaveholders is won. Should Lincoln be elected, the face of matters might be changed. We do not affirm that disunion will follow the election of Lincoln; but if it do not, it will be because the public sentiment of the South has not been brought up to the necessary sticking-place. It is a thing perfectly within the power of the South to do, if they think the time has come. We know that the Republicans *pooh-pooh* the idea, and profess to wish that the attempt might be made, that they may have the pleasure of putting it down. They do not intend to permit, forsooth, the slaveholders to withdraw, if they wish to do so—a counter-threat much more empty and absurd than those that call it forth! What is to hinder the slaveholders from preventing the inauguration of Lincoln, if they choose to do it? Exercising no more control over the railway approaches to Washington than they did in the John Brown times, nothing would be easier than to prevent his ever getting there. Having the United States Government on their side, with no interference from the army, with as many Plug-Uglies from Baltimore and all the rest of the country as they need, while a close embargo might be laid on the importation of Northern and Western men, the game would be in their hands. We cannot foresee precisely how it would be played. The Constitution requires that the oath of office shall be administered by the Chief Justice. The Chief Justice is their creature and their property, and would refuse, if so commanded, without hesitation. By some hocus-pocus, backed by bullying, Breckinridge might be made President. He would be master of the situation, and the North would have to choose between fighting, submission or separation.

This may sound very wild and improbable, but it is no more so than much that is now authentic history. In this case, just supposed, we do not believe that the North would fight, notwithstanding the belligerent way of talking of certain Republicans. We trust they would not submit. The only alternative would be to appoint Commissioners to treat with the party in possession for the terms of separation, and call a Convention to form a more perfect Union, which should secure to the people and their posterity the blessings of which they have been so impudently robbed under the present one. If the slaveholders are ready for this stroke of policy, we believe it could be done, and that without firing a gun or drawing a sword. There might be a firing of revolvers and a drawing of bowie-knives, but nothing more. We need not say that we should look upon such a fitting catastrophe of our history as the most beneficent event that has occurred in it since the Peace of '83. Rid of the slaveholding incubus, moral and political health may yet be possible for the Northern Republic. There is no advantage we now derive from our union with the South that we should not then possess, without the degrading slavery now extorted at the price of them. Standing to the Southern States in the same relation that we do to other foreign nations—"enemies in war, in peace friends"—we should be able to maintain our rights, vindicate our hospitality, and redress our wrongs. Stronger in every way in the loss of our weakness, we should be indeed a Power on earth that would be feared and respected. We should be a living exemplification of the paradoxes, that a loss may be a gain, and the half very much more than the whole. Were we sure that this would be the result of the election of Lincoln, we should most fervently desire it. But the election cannot go in any way that will not, on the whole and in some way, strengthen the North as against the South. Perhaps it may help it to grow up in time to the measure of strength necessary to take the initiative in establishing a good government on the ruins of a bad one.

DEPARTURE OF DR. CHEEVER FOR EUROPE.

FAREWELL HONORS FROM HIS FRIENDS.

DR. CHEEVER, the Abdiel of the American Orthodox Pulpit, took passage for Southampton, Eng., in the steamer *Adriatic*, on Saturday last. His farewell discourse to his congregation, delivered on the previous Sunday evening, attracted a crowded house, many besides the members of the Church and Society of the Puritans being anxious to testify by their presence their grateful sense of the value of his labors in the anti-slavery cause, and to give assurance of their heartfelt sympathy with him in the severe trials through which he has been called to pass. The discourse was a faithful and pungent exhibition of the Duty of the Church and Pulpit in regard to Organized Iniquity, and especially in regard to American Slavery. In the conclusion he spoke briefly of his own peculiar position and that of his Church in respect to this subject, and of his objects and purposes in going abroad.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst., there was a social gathering, at the house of Mr. DEXTER FAIRBANK in Fourteenth street, of members of the congregation and such other friends of Dr. Cheever as desired to show their respect for him and their good wishes for the success of his mission abroad. Mr. Fairbank's spacious mansion was crowded by a multitude of people, of various classes and professions, all animated by a common sentiment of admiration for the minister whose fidelity in rebuking slavery as a sin has made his name a terror to slaveholders and their apologists, and a cynosure to the friends of freedom on both sides of the Atlantic.

After some time spent in social intercourse, the assembly was called to order and Mr. T. S. Berry appointed Chairman. The objects of the meeting having been briefly explained by the Chairman, EDWARD GILBERT, Esq., stepped forward and read the following

ADDRESS TO DR. CHEEVER.

Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER—*Dear Sir:* In the last two of your Sabbath evening discourses you admonished us of the duties of ministers and Churches in the present crisis, and of some of your purposes in going abroad. You also recalled the history of the conflict in our own Church, and for our encouragement declared your firm belief that God would sustain us through the struggle, and give us the victory. You also gave us words of parting advice and warning, and closed with the adoption and application of the confidence of Paul toward the Philippians, "trusting in God that our rejoicing may be more abundant in Jesus Christ for you, by your coming to us again." "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel, and in nothing terrified by your adversaries: which is to them an evident token of perdition; but to you of salvation and that of God. For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake."

In view of this, we, as your Church, feel that a word from us, in response, may not be appropriate, for, having stood by you, and, according to our best endeavors, sustained you in this memorable conflict, which has been as much a struggle for existence as an agonizing resistance against sin, we cannot be indifferent to the associations of this time, nor to the step you propose.

Although our memoranda show that, taking the past year as an index, not less than eleven-twelfths of your pulpit discourses have been upon the common spiritual topics, dealing with doctrine, reproof, exhortation, &c., and attended with the corresponding results of edification, conversions, and accessions to the church, yet we must declare that your attention to the "vexed question," as it has created this occasion, supplies the main hints of what we have to say here. To us, as to yourself, the word of God, and all its precious, fundamental doctrines of the Atonement, the Divine Regenerating Spirit, Faith in a Divine Redeemer, Repentance toward God, the whole blessed circle of truths as the truth is in Jesus, are dear above all things, constituting the only ground of our hope for eternity, and the only possibility and means of our life and usefulness as a Church and as individuals. In that word, in those truths, in the law and the Gospel, in the Old and New Testaments, and especially in the light of the cross, in the dying love of Christ, we find at once the obligation and the means of laboring for the freedom and salvation of the enslaved and their children. We have been taught to feel that a great and solemn responsibility rests upon the Churches and Ministry of our country in this particular work. It is our commission from Him, the sign and result of whose coming and kingdom are this, that He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. We rejoice with you to acknowledge that, in the presence and under the prevalence of the iniquity of slavery, the earnest, continued, and persistent denunciation of this is the especial duty of the Churches of

Christ in America; and we, as a Church, have accepted and do accept this part of our Christian warfare, and are glad again to declare our purpose and business in reference to the sin of slavery to be nothing less than its entire abolition, the freedom of those now held in bondage, and just where they are thus held, and the giving of them there, according to God's command, that which is just and equal. We are not permitted to have any lower end than this, or to labor with any other object in view than the deliverance of the oppressed. Our power and sole dependence in this purpose and work is the word and spirit of God. We have contended for the plainest and most obvious interpretation of that word; and with what we cannot but call a conscientious adherence to the word thus interpreted, we have pronounced slaveholding, as practised in our country, upheld by our laws and courts, and sanctioned by our Churches, to be the sin of man-stealing, a crime equal to murder, which should be reprobated as an immorality by our Churches, and punished as a felony by our laws.

For the faithful proclamation of these principles you and we have been denounced as ultraists, fanatics, and madmen. For this a raid has been instituted to overthrow your pulpit, and a plan laid by those who stood in Church covenant relations with you and us, and who in former years solemnly dedicated our church edifice to the service of the living God, to take possession of that edifice and appropriate it to a more popular use. For this faithfulness to God's Word you were, on the evening of the great Union meeting held in December last at the Academy of Music, publicly burned in effigy on Union square by a misguided mob, impelled by merchants of respectability and standing in this city. And for this you have been made the object of incessant abuse on the part, not only of the secular, but the religious newspapers of the country.

Thus it has not been our election or declaration, but the providential discipline of God, and the pressure and manifestation of his truth, in which we have endeavored to commend ourselves as a Church and pastor to the consciences of all men in the sight of God, in this thing, that has occasioned you to be marked and assailed as a leader in the cause of Christian Abolitionism. The opponents of that cause themselves demonstrate their own judgment of your position and influence by the violence of their reproaches and by making you the object of their bitterest denunciations; at the same time accusing you of assuming for yourself a monopoly of effort and zeal, and for your Church, and its struggles in sustaining you, an importance to the cause and a merit in its prosecution, of which they affirm we are entirely unworthy. *The New York Observer*, in a leading article on the speeches in your behalf by Drs. Candlish, Guthrie, Buchanan and others in Great Britain, undertakes to assure those gentlemen that the people here have no confidence in you as an Abolitionist, and that they themselves will discover, to their own confusion, that you are no true friend to the slave. The editors of that paper have interwoven in this article two distinct and absolute falsehoods in regard to this Church and yourself, as having fellowship with slaveholders and excluding the colored race among us from the privileges of religious worship in the house of God.

The New York Independent of this very week, in an article full of misstatement and perversion in reference to your proposed mission, repeats this slander of your fellowshipping a slaveholder in your Church, and utters the barefaced falsehood that the resolution "that the holding of human beings as property is an immorality, the renunciation of which ought to be made a condition of membership in the Christian Church, and that this sin is one against which the law of God and the gospel of Christ ought to be proclaimed, in preaching persistently, until the iniquity be overthrown," passed by the General Congregational Association of New York, in September last, was presented by the pastor of the Tabernacle Church. The well known fact that this resolution, with a slight verbal alteration to suit the conservative proclivities of the Committee on Resolutions, was your own, and that it was, at the time you offered it, opposed by the pastor of the Tabernacle Church, fills us with grave surprise at the mendacious audacity of those with whom we are contending. Dr. Thompson is editor of *The Independent*, and knows these facts. The main statements of this article are utterly and entirely false.

These slanders and injurious attacks are a very natural consequence of that course of effort and events which, in God's providence, has caused you to be regarded and criticized as a leader. For ourselves, it is inevitable that we should thus regard you. Our enemies now leave us no alternative. There are good reasons likewise why you have come to be so esteemed, without any purpose or effort of yours or ours, in that you have appeared so prominently and persistently (when others would not stand forward) in advocacy of this sacred cause, to the manifest disparagement of your reputation, as that is estimated among men, and to the injury of your works both here and in Great Britain; also, in your well-known position as established in one of the foremost of our metropolitan Churches, in the heart of the metropolis of America; also, in your equally well known exertions in the controversy for temperance; for the integrity of the doctrine of the Trinity; for the Bible in schools; for the just, retributive sanctions of Government, and against the iniquity of Popery. In view of these reasons, it would not be assumption for us to call you a leader. But our principal reason is apart from all these. It is found in the fact that, throughout the rank and file of the American clergy, except yourself (we except here some honored names in a more limited sphere), we have in vain looked for any who, having the facilities of wide influence and prominence before the public, were willing to proclaim and insist upon, as the basis of anti-slavery effort, the Bible doctrine of the inherent sinfulness of slaveholding. Some of them concede that the moral duties, which, as they allege, grow out of the existence of slavery, should be preached upon. Others, more advanced, proclaim themselves ready to condemn the evils, as they term them, incident to slavery, while they are careful to assert that they are not *Abolitionists*, and do not propose to interfere with the vested rights of the States.

Now, sir, we have been compelled to regard this as a compromise of principle and a connivance with the sin. If slavery is to be dealt with at all it is because it is opposed to the Word of God, and we are to attack it where it exists. We rejoice in your constructions of the Biblical argument as more explicitly set forth in your la[te] work on the Crime and Guilt of Slaveholding. We feel that the argument, as there stated, is from the logic of inspiration; that we cannot gainsay or resist it without palpably disavowing and repudiating the Word of God; that, from its very binding radicalism and terrible certainty, it affords the best, surest and only *true* foundation for any moral effort or movement in behalf of the enslaved. We are happy, also, in refutation of the slanders so diligently circulated, that your anti-slavery ministrations have been without effect, and but a waste of time and effort, to declare publicly that though, aside from the convictions we have just expressed, many of us might, from sentiment or philanthropy, oppose slavery, yet that the burden of responsibility for the deliverance of the slave, the sense of personal duty in this respect, the yearning and constraint of conscience, and of the love of Christ in behalf of the oppressed which we feel, are in great part the fruit of your teaching.

Now, sir, in turn, we exhort you to hold fast these doctrines and proclaim them boldly. While speaking abroad of our national sins, we trust that neither sorrow, nor shame, nor any imagined duty of loyalty to our institutions will jar the fidelity of your statements or diminish the ardor of your rebuke. Having Christ's commission, may you be careful only to honor Him and promote His cause in this blessed work.

In parting, accept our best wishes and most fervent prayers. While on the ocean or in other lands, you may feel that you are remembered in our prayer circle, at our family altars and in our closets.

You will please communicate our grateful remembrances and hearty thanks to our sympathizing friends in Great Britain, especially to those who have, on public occasions and in so signal a manner, manifested their appreciation of our cause and labors.

May God bless you, and in due time give you back to us invigorated and restored, to lead us on to new conquests for truth and righteousness.

DR. CHEEVER'S REPLY.

DEAR BRETHREN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: My heart appreciates your kindness, and I wish I could give you a fitting expression of my gratitude and love. In the cause of Christ, in a great and bitter conflict, protracted, and not yet terminated, you have been firm and faithful. These troubles bring us nearer to each other; may they bring us all nearer to God. We have reason to regard the privilege of laboring for the deliverance of the enslaved as too great and precious to be enjoyed without some degree of suffering. In this sacred cause, if we have to bear reproaches for the name of Christ, happy are we. I pray God that we may have grace not only to meet manfully and endure patiently even such assaults as are made against us from professed friends, though real slanderers, but to be truly grateful that unto us it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. It cannot be expected that so great and mighty an advancement and conquest by the Kingdom of Christ as that of the abolition of slavery in our own land can be accomplished without great and persevering labor, the endurance of hardship, and the encounter of enmity and wrath. But I confess that I did not anticipate, just on the eve of my departure for Great Britain, such a singular ebullition of ill feeling, and false and injurious remark, as have been referred to in the article in this week's *Independent*, against a Church whose only fault in this thing has been that they have resolutely sustained and warmly loved their pastor, and have sanctioned, and practised, and maintained the utmost freedom of the truth and independence of the pulpit in his continued utterances against the sin of slaveholding. I am amazed at the compound of bitterness and falsehood in that article. Its evil intent cannot but recoil upon its author. But the present is not the time for exposing its misrepresentations of our affairs, or the insolence and insinuated slanders of its advice to the people of Great Britain to send over to this country a commission of merchants to see that the gifts and sympathy of the Churches there toward this Church be not perverted and misapplied. It is an inuendo, as the lawyers term it, to the effect that we are not only a Church guilty of "Church mendicancy," as that paper has sneeringly reproached us, but that we are a dishonest and swindling Church, getting money on false pretences, to spend it in an improper manner. Dear brethren and Christian friends, may you have that wisdom which is from above to enable you to deal with this slander, and with the other falsehoods in this attack, in a righteous and Christian way. I do not think it will much injure me or you in Great Britain; indeed, by the blessing of God, it may turn to the furtherance of our cause. Beside the attack in *The Independent* against this Church, there is also the fabrication introduced in the words following:

"It is a well-attested fact that, for nearly ten years, a slaveholder was a member in full communion in Dr. Cheever's Church, and, instead of being disciplined, though the case was known to the officers of the Church, was recently (1860) dismissed by letter as in good standing."

This is a new decoction of old lies, in regard to which I shall now simply present the following extract from a letter of mine which has been published in Edinburgh, referring to "a tissue of absolute falsehoods concerning a slaveholder having been admitted to my Church, and kept in it with my knowledge and consent, and all the while preaching against slaveholding as a crime against God and man, set in the same catalogue with the crime of murder. The whole charge is an entire and perfect falsehood, grounded on the single circumstance of a lady from the Methodist Church, but originally from a slaveholding family in Kentucky, having joined my Church in this city, and then quitted us in the year 1856, about the time when my discourse in reprobation of the outrage against Senator Sumner and in defence of free speech against slavery was delivered. This lady was not known by us to have been herself a slaveholder, and I believe never was such, except by having had a slave girl given her by her parents for her maid and attendant in her childhood. When this lady married, and left her home, that slave woman was retained by her parents at the homestead in Kentucky."

The same slander is renewed this week in *The New York Observer*, and the certificate of a gentleman has been published by the editor of that paper, stating that his wife was a slaveholder, and that Dr. Cheever knew it. I hereby declare that this lady was received into the Church of the Puritans, without any person in the Church, that I know of, being aware of her being a slaveholder, and up to the time of her leaving in 1856, I am not aware of any in the Church being acquainted with that fact, of which her husband now appears in public to bear witness; neither have I myself known anything but the above-mentioned circumstances, nor ever came even to so much knowledge as this, concerning what her husband now testifies as to her condition, until about the time of her leaving the Church. The name of the husband of the lady, whose certificate as to the *bona fide* slaveholding qualifications of his wife *The New York Observer* parades in its editorial columns, I suppose to be Lees, since that is the lady whose connection with the Church of the Puritans I have noted above. This lady left our Church in 1856. The editor of *The Independent* declares that it is a well-attested fact that a slaveholder (meaning, doubtless, this lady) was for nearly ten years in communion with the Church, the officers of the Church knowing her as a slaveholder, and was dismissed in 1860. What witnesses *The Independent* may have summoned I cannot tell, nor what records its editors may have consulted for their well-attested facts, unless it be the columns of *The Observer*. Neither can I tell what possible advantage either the one paper or the other expects to gain, either against the Church of the Puritans or its pastor, even supposing that there had been such a thing tolerated in that Church as the membership of a slaveholder previous to the year 1856, if at that time the application of divine truth became too pungent to be endured, and if since then the Church and the pastor have practised that truth more faithfully, maintaining that slaveholding under all circumstances is sinful, and ought not to be permitted in any Christian Church, nor any fellowship tolerated with slaveholders. Dear Christian friends and brethren—May God still sustain and guide us in this conflict. May God be with you and bless you. May His grace keep you all firm and faithful to the end. May He spare us still to labor together for Him. May He keep us in our journeyings, and restore us from our wanderings and separations, to accomplish, by his blessing, yet more in his delightful service than we have even yet undertaken, and with more loving and entirely consecrated hearts and lives.

MR. HENRY HARTT, in the name of the young men of the Church, presented Dr. Cheever with a life-saving vest for himself, and a basque for Mrs. Cheever, to be used if an emergency should render it necessary on the way to Europe, or during their voyage home to their native land.

Brief addresses were then made by EDGAR KETCHUM, Esq., OLIVER JOHNSON, editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, Rev. T. F. WHITE, of Mendham, N. J., and Rev. C. J. WARREN. Refreshments having been served, the company sang the Doxology and dispersed.

THE DEPARTURE—EXCURSION DOWN THE HARBOR.

The hour fixed for the departure of the Adriatic was 2 o'clock, p. m. Three hours before this, some two hundred ladies and gentlemen went aboard the small steamer May Queen, at the foot of Hammond street, for the purpose of accompanying the Adriatic in her passage toward Sandy Hook and exchanging parting salutations with Dr. Cheever, his wife, and the friends accompanying them. After some time spent by those on board in social intercourse, the May Queen dropped down to Canal street, making fast to the pier where lay the Adriatic. Dr. Cheever, in company with Dr. Hartt, Mr. Fairbank and other intimate friends, soon came aboard the May Queen, where each one of the company had opportunity to take his hand and bid him farewell. After this the Doctor went on board the Adriatic under an escort of his most intimate friends. The party on board the May Queen was considerably augmented before the hour for starting down the bay arrived, insomuch that the steamer was quite crowded. She left the pier a little in advance of the Adriatic, those on board spending their time partly in pleasant social intercourse, and partly in a more formal consideration of topics suggested by the occasion. Brief addresses were made on the upper deck by Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, Oliver Johnson, Theodore Tilton, Rev. Hiram Matteson, and others.

Before the May Queen reached Sandy Hook, the Adriatic was seen to be rapidly approaching, and soon the two steamers were within hailing distance. The excitement among the passengers of the May Queen was intense when Dr. Cheever was discovered standing, alone, on the larboard wheelhouse of the Adriatic, waving a red and white silk flag which had been given him for the purpose. Dr. Hartt, on behalf of the Church and Society of the Puritans, and of the friends of Dr. Cheever on the May Queen, ascended the pilot deck and unfurled another silken flag provided for the occasion; and thereupon the passengers on board the little steamer joined in sending up cheer upon cheer "for Dr. Cheever," at the same time waving hats and handkerchiefs with an enthusiasm not often witnessed. The cheers on board the May Queen were responded to very warmly by not a few passengers on the Adriatic. As the increasing distance between the two steamers left the form of Dr. Cheever barely visible to his friends, the latter united in singing the Christian doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow";

and when, at length, the bow of the May Queen was turned toward New York, solemn prayer was offered by Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street. And then followed brief addresses by Oliver Johnson, Edgar Ketchum, Esq., William Goodell, Theodore Tilton and Rev. C. J. Warren. As the boat neared her landing, just before 5 o'clock, p. m., the company united in singing appropriate hymns, and soon afterwards they gave each other the parting hand and returned to their respective homes, grateful for the opportunity they had enjoyed of doing honor to a fearless champion of freedom and humanity, and one who has been "persecuted for righteousness sake" by tyrants and their tools. May his voyage be safe and prosperous, and may he, in due time, come back again to his native land, with heart and hope renewed for the great struggle with the Slave Power.

We expect that, ere long, it will be our pleasant duty to lay before our readers some report of the warm reception which, we doubt not, Dr. Cheever will receive at the hands of the Abolitionists of Great Britain. We are not without hope that an opportunity may be afforded him of addressing a public assembly in London on the approaching anniversary of West India Emancipation. His appearance in that country at this crisis will be an event of much importance, and one which, we trust, will be the means of diffusing needed light and drawing stronger the bonds of union between the true friends of freedom there and here. If he can once gain a fair hearing before the British people, he will most surely defeat the treacherous purposes of those in this country who have sought to excuse their hostility to him and to the anti-slavery cause by representing him to be a wild ultraist and fanatic, whose labors are doing injury to that cause! When the British people have once heard him, they will see how false are all such representations, and how base is the duplicity of those who have set them afloat.

It is Dr. Cheever's purpose, we understand, to proceed immediately to London, where he will spend a few weeks; thence down the Rhine and into Switzerland to the Hague. He will also visit the Vaudois congregations of Piedmont and Savoy, and then return by way of Paris to London. After spending some days in London, he will bend his way Northward to Scotland, whence he has received repeated invitations to come and make a visit, and where he has many ardent admirers. After six weeks spent in the more interesting regions at the North, he will make the tour of Wales and Northern Ireland, returning home in the latter part of November or the first week of December.

The Evening Post announces that it is authorized to expect that the Doctor will communicate with his friends occasionally during his absence through that paper.

THE BARBARITY OF SLAVERY.

THE following letter, received by our Philadelphia Correspondent, from a family connection of his, is, with the consent of the writer, kindly placed at our service. It tells a melancholy story, and furnishes another and a very striking illustration of the barbarism of American slavery:

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 29th, 1860.

MY DEAR COUSIN: I write to give you the sequel of a true story which I told you years ago.

Do you remember my telling you of a Lizzie and Willie Letcher, who were bound out in New Albany Ia.? The former to my sister A. M., and the latter, after living a short time with my father, to Dr. Hall? Well, the father of these children was a Mr. Letcher, brother to Gov. Letcher of Kentucky. This Mr. Letcher was quite a sot. He married a light mulatto woman, by whom he had these two children, and I think others, but of these only can I speak from my own knowledge. She, the colored Mrs. Letcher, whose name was Nancy, used to go out to do day's work, and such other jobs as she could get. Her husband was very fond of her and of the children. Often have I seen him, in the evening, when he would call for his wife, after her day's work was done, sitting in the kitchen waiting for her. She died, leaving these two children to be put out—as the father had not been able to keep himself.

Before their time was out, a man came to Mr. Fitch and Dr. Hall for the children. He said that their uncle wanted them; that he was Governor of Kentucky, and was unwilling that they should live as they were then doing; that they were perfectly white, and he wished to educate them; that he had sent money with which to purchase such things as they might need, &c., &c. Sister A. M. knew that the Governor of Kentucky was their uncle, but, suspecting treachery, would not let Lizzie go.

After that, another man came for them, who said that their father had married and settled down the river, and that he wished to have his children. Lizzie was then of age and went; but Dr. H. would not let William go. Three days after, however, he ran away and went to his father. As soon as they had both got there, *the father sold them!* The purchaser was the man who had come for them. They were taken to the far South. In New Orleans, Lizzie told the man who had there bought her all about herself, and he wrote to Mr. Fitch to know whether the story was true. Mr. F. answered the letter, but before his reply was received, she had passed into other hands, and her then owner wrote a very insolent letter to Mr. F., telling him how he should be served if he dared come South; at the same time making a picture in his letter of a man dangling upon a gallows. I am sorry I can't give you the name of the *artist*. What became of poor Lizzie no one knows. She has shared the fate of many another.

But my object in this letter is to give you the sad sequel of poor William's story. He ran off from his master (knowing he was legally free) and went to Illinois. There he was a fine-looking white man, and married a fine girl, from whom he even concealed the taint in his blood. But he was so haunted by the fear of being taken back to slavery, that he could not remain where he was. He determined to move to New Albany, where, if anybody should attempt to take him, he could make himself known and be recognized as a free man. He had four lovely children, and was pursuing an honest and respectable calling.

He had been living there two years, unrecognized; but he was so anxious all the time lest he should be taken, that he made himself known to Dr. Clapp (a relative of Dr. Hall's), the oldest physician in the place, and asked if he thought he *could* be taken, if he were to prove his freedom? Dr. C. advised him to consult a lawyer, which he did, and who told him that under the Dred Scott decision he would have to return to his master, and *then* prove his freedom. But he knew, if he once went South, he would never return, and hearing that his master's son was then in New Albany (building a boat), he became very despondent. He shut himself up in his house, and was not seen by any one for two weeks, at the end of which time some one told him that one of the police was looking for him. This precipitated the conclusion. He shot himself. The deed was done on Saturday afternoon; he lived until the next morning at 11 o'clock.

He had told his poor wretched wife all. His children were almost crazy. Twenty years had elapsed since he ran away from his master.

I have given you the latter part of this just as I received it in a letter which came from my sister in New Albany last evening. Sister says: "I was afraid he would live, for he surely would have been taken into slavery. Since the John Brown affair, people here, on the borders of Kentucky, are afraid to lift their voices for the right. Our minister was with him most of the time until he died; says he was perfectly sane on all other topics, but on that of his recapture he was a monomaniac. He thought, to the last minute, they were taking him. He gave evidence of being a Christian, but believed he did right to shoot himself. He thought it was according to his Heavenly Father's will. Now, if there is a woe pronounced on him that offends one of the 'little ones,' what will be the portion of that wretched father?"

I write in haste. Let such use be made of this as may be deemed best. Yours ever, C. C.

A CLERICAL WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.—It is announced in the daily papers that the Rev. Charles H. Read, D. D., of Richmond, Va., has gone to Scotland, "to spend his summer vacation, and see Auld lang syne." As it is not unlikely that he may attempt to gain access to Scotch pulpits, we desire to give the Abolitionists of that country timely notice of his pro-slavery character, sufficient proof of which is found in the simple fact that he is the pastor of a Presbyterian Church in that centre of the domestic slave trade, the capital of Virginia, where a minister not consenting either to preach in favor of slavery and the raising of human beings for the market, or to keep his pulpit silent in regard to that iniquity, would not be tolerated for a single day. He withdrew, we believe, a few years since, from the New School Presbyterian Church, because its General Assembly took action which he regarded as unfriendly to slavery; and he is now, we think, a member of the Synod formed by the slaveholding seceders from that Church. The anti-slavery atmosphere of Scotland ought to be too hot for the respiration of such a clerical champion of man-stealing.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

THE Annual Report by the Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, commenting upon the atrocious treatment of blacks and whites in the South the last year, both by Lynch law and by Legislation, adds:

"Your Committee have looked in vain, to see a general uprising of the Northern Churches, Conferences, Associations, Synods, and other ministerial and ecclesiastical bodies, in fervent protest against the outrages upon Christian liberty which have been perpetrated upon our brethren in different parts of the South. Although there may have been—we cannot but think there *must* have been—a *silent* insurrection of the Northern Christian conscience, against the incarceration and banishment of those 'fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God'—there has been no such mighty movement of God's people against injustice and proscription as was to have been rationally expected.

"And your Committee cannot but regard as the most alarming sign of the times, what—so far as the absence of any general or earnest expression upon the subject can indicate—would seem to be the lamentable apathy of the Ministry and the Churches to the encroachments and crimes of despotism."

If the Church Anti-Slavery Society thinks to find anything else but a "lamentable apathy" in the Church and the Ministry, as such, to the cause of the enslaved, until abolitionism has become popular and successful, through other agencies than that of Churches and ministers, we can tell that Society it is greatly mistaken. Rational conjecture is widely different from melancholy fact, in regard to the sensitiveness of Churches and ministers to the cause of humanity, as embodied in the suffering slave. An appeal to the people against slavery is much more hopeful than an appeal to the Ministry or the Church.

Mortifying as it may be to those who would like to rely upon the Church as the great reformatory agency in the world, such is the fact, and the Church Anti-Slavery Society will soon find it out, if, indeed, the very small but respectable minority who constitute that Society do not already know it. The Congregational Church in New England, which seems to be the head-quarters of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, will not be likely—so far as represented by its Ministry—to do anything in advance of the world and of politicians against slavery. It will be with that body as with the New School Presbyterian Church, of which *The Free Church Portfolio*, as quoted in our last, very truly remarks, "Had the New School taken the advice of Mr. Rankin at the time of the first division in 1837, and become a real Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church, it would have now far outnumbered the Old School. But now, until *politicians give the death blow to slavery*, the New School Church will cherish the viper in her bosom, as a matter of expediency, until it poisons and deforms the whole body."

THE STANDARD COMMENDED.

HAVING for years been in the practice of letting our readers see the worst that has been said of this paper by the enemies of the anti-slavery cause, we hope to be pardoned for publishing the commendatory sentences which will be found below. So many minds are employed in making THE STANDARD what it is, that the editor finds in such commendation no ground of personal vanity, but only of felicitation for the cause to which it is devoted. *The Free Church Portfolio* is, theologically speaking, as unimpeachably orthodox as *The New York Observer* itself. The editor seceded from the Old School Presbyterian Church, many years ago, on anti-slavery grounds alone, and took an active part in organizing the Free Presbyterian Church, in which slaveholding is treated as a sin.

From The Free Church Portfolio.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

We are pleased to see in the new dress of this paper the tokens of its prosperity. It is the organ of that department of the anti-slavery host embraced by the American Anti-Slavery Society. THE STANDARD is conducted with eminent ability. It has all the dignified stateliness of the old *National Intelligencer* without its frigidity. Its articles are all admirably written and admirably *printed*. We once, in scolding Durban for some typographical blunders in *The Portfolio*, held up THE STANDARD as a model newspaper in its freedom from such errors, saying that we would be willing to give a pint of blood for every one he could find in its columns. Durban looked very diligently, but found none. THE STANDARD is printed on such good paper, and in so neat and workmanlike a manner, that it invites one to its perusal in a way not to be denied. Its matter, however, is always superior, a high moral tone pervading its articles and always commanding respect for, if not assent to, their sentiments. Being a voter under the Constitution of the United States, and believing that an anti-slavery meaning can and will yet be given to that instrument, when the public sentiment of the country will permit, we labor in a somewhat different field of effort from that of THE STANDARD. But we admire its lofty, uncompromising position, its love of fair play and the truthfulness of its statements. Although pronounced to be an "infidel newspaper" by *The New York Observer*, we welcome it into our family, where it is highly esteemed; while we should very promptly bar the door against the admission of *The Observer*. There are various religions in the world, and *The Observer* is a religious paper. But its religion is what brother Kane of Darlington calls *the New York religion*—the religion of commerce—the religion of pro-slavery, Buchanan Democracy, which, in our humble judgment, is diabolical.

Those of our readers who desire a radical anti-slavery paper, with a high order of literary merit also, will do well to send their money on for THE STANDARD.

THE (London) ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE, for July, is at hand, and well sustains the high reputation of this valuable little monthly. Gladly would we aid in giving it a wider circulation, and if any of our readers desire to become subscribers to it, they can do so by sending to us their names and address in full, with half a dollar, which will secure the paper to them for one year. The present number contains an interesting notice of "The Society of Friends in the United States," with particular reference to their past and present course as to slavery and the anti-slavery movement. This article, as also another on Dr. Murray of New Jersey (a correspondent of *The New York Observer*, now in England, where he is striving to obtain British endorsement for American pro-slavery religion), are by Rev. Edward Matthews, of the Free Mission Baptists. It also notices a new pamphlet of 56 pages, published at the London office of *The Advocate*, containing the recent speeches of George Thompson and of Frederick Douglass, in Glasgow, on the United States Constitution, its true intent, character and interpretation; and a little volume of 111 pages, recently published, entitled "Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom, or the escape of William and Ellen Craft from Slavery." The late anti-slavery meetings in New York and Boston are noticed, with extracts of speeches there delivered. On the first page appears a Letter, exposing the defamatory character of a recent English work on the American Abolitionists, especially in view of its gross and inexcusable falsehoods concerning Wendell Phillips. The letter is signed by several well-known American Abolitionists.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE TRIBUNE.—It is unnecessary to call the readers attention to the matter in controversy between *The Tribune* and Mr. Phillips, as set forth on the first page. It is only just to say that *The Tribune* has published Mr. Phillips's defence in full, with a rejoinder, which we would gladly have inserted, if our first page had not been closed before its appearance. The point it makes against Mr. Phillips is not, in our judgment, either well taken or of much consequence. The wickedness of Mr. Lincoln's proposition to extend the Fugitive Slave law over the District of Columbia is not relieved, that we can see, by the fact that it formed a part of a bill for the gradual and qualified abolition of slavery in that District.

THE INDEPENDENT AND DR. CHEEVER.—Want of room alone compels us to defer till next week the notice due from us of a very base and cowardly attack on Dr. Cheever in last week's *Independent*. The article, however, is in part answered by Dr. Cheever himself and by his immediate friends, in the addresses exchanged on the 12th inst., at the house of Mr. Fairbank, and which will be found in another part of this sheet.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU...XXXV.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

JULY 2, 1860.

SIR: When I wrote last, the subject of the Russian serfs entirely engrossed my time and space, and the critical movements of European affairs were almost unnoticed. I am glad that I wrote so fully on the Russian subject now that I see, in THE STANDARD of June 16th, an expression of anxiety to know more. But I earnestly hope that Prince Dolgoroukow's book* will be extensively read in your country, that you may obtain information at first hand, and not through any reporter. It seems to me desirable in the highest degree that all parties in American society should understand the structure and circumstances of Russian society as exhibited by such writers as Prince Dolgoroukow, M. Tourgueneff, Herzen, and other exiles, who have gone to a distance for the purpose of exhibiting and explaining the condition of their country. It is of great importance that your slaveholders should understand the reasons of the delay, and probable failure, of the Emperor's scheme of serf-emancipation, that they may not be tempted to persevere in their own sin on that ground; and it is no less important that the case should be understood in your free States, that Abolitionists may not be discouraged. The great facts of the Russian case—that emancipation requires and supposes a total renovation of the system and method of governing the empire, and that the Czar either does not know or will not acknowledge this—render the Russian case wholly unlike the American one in its conditions; while all outside observers perceive that they are alike in the doom which impends if they do not soon emancipate their subjugated class. Such a work as Prince Dolgoroukow's cannot fail of being much discussed in England; and perhaps I may be allowed to request the attention of your readers to any reviews of it which may appear in our leading periodicals, if they fail of seeing the book itself.

Considering it is a month since I wrote on general European affairs, what a world of interests have we lived through! You have had two great events in Mr. Sumner's speech and Mr. Hyatt's release. *The Times* article on Mr. Sumner will have shown all Americans who have read it that that newspaper still ventures, either in ignorance or under bias, to defy English opinion and feeling on the subject of slavery. Whether the authorities of the journal are misled by bad informants, or frightened about our cotton supply, I can't say; but I am quite certain that their course is as wrong in policy as it is in principle. *How* wrong it is in principle appears from the omission in that article of all reference to Mr. Sumner's having a function to discharge, and to the case of Kansas, and indeed to any of the reasons which made Mr. Sumner speak at all. The entire scolding proceeds on the notion that Mr. Sumner also has a taste for scolding, and that he indulged it, without any particular reason at the moment, at the expense of the Southern members, without considering the mischief of a quarrel with them. One hardly knows which is the most remarkable, this ignorance (real or feigned) of the stage your controversy has actually reached, or the omission of the negroes from the question altogether. The article is not worth more words, but it is necessary to disclaim it as any expression of European opinion. It is not pretended that the taste in oratory is the same on the opposite sides of the Atlantic; and it is freely admitted that Mr. Sumner's speeches could not be spoken in our Parliament; but we think and feel with him on his great theme; and I trust we shall not forget that he bears his testimony in a revolutionary time, when smooth words would be almost as sinful as silence, and any wooing of the enemy a treason to the republic. The word "enemy" can hardly be too strong, in its application to the upholders of the curse which is destroying your national character and reputation day by day. I may just say that Senator Chesnut's commentary on Mr. Sumner's speech is very amusing here. He cannot know much of the English aristocracy if he supposes that strangers can get at them by their backdoors. Their backdoors are well looked to; but, in Mr. Sumner's case there was no question of backdoor or front. Our aristocracy went out to seek him—not he them. I need not say that we heartily rejoice in the full truth having been spoken in Congress. The occasion brings back vividly to my memory Mr. Calhoun's countenance and voice when he insisted to me, peremptorily putting down all argument, that that day would never come. There would be silence about slavery in Congress, world without end. This was in 1835. It must be also needless for me to say that no unprejudiced man or woman here really supposes that any terms can be kept with slavery and slaveholders. The crisis of your revolution may be precipitated by such open defiance in the Federal Legislature; but we see that it was the South which brought on the revolution and uttered the defiance; and that the only course for the Senator from Massachusetts is to take care that the revolution is steered straight by compass while there is such a fearful tampering with the helm. To speak gingerly of barbarism when his business was to set before his country the choice between barbarism and civilization was, of course, impossible; and there could be no fidelity short of such a thorough exposure and denunciation as he has offered. As for the cotton, about which *The Times* is very naturally alarmed, what will become of the cotton when the negroes have risen, as they will do, sooner or later, if their masters rule the country? They gave warning, after the last Presidential election, of the serious thing it is to reject an anti-slavery candidate. If such a rejection should happen again, we shall certainly expect to hear of a servile war, rather than a good cotton crop. We hope and intend to derive our cotton from other quarters, with all speed; but, if we obtain it from your country hereafter, we know it will be through the establishment of free labor over your Southern States. To omit the negro from the consideration of the case, as *The Times* writer does, is not precisely the way to bring this about. When you have made another step or two forward, however, you will have *The Times* on your side. In every great social change, it sets out on one side and goes over to the other, with more or less discretion in the choice of the moment for the transit. It will be splendidly virtuous about human liberty in a great republic when the defeat of the South is secure. But enough! This is more than the occasion is worth, except for the possibility that some among you may be unaware of the honor it is to Mr. Sumner to be censured by *The Times* on this particular subject. As a matter of course, *The Daily News* took up the topic on the other side.

We have now national topics to discuss and anxieties to deal with, only less grave than yours; and the development of these within the last month has been extraordinary. Very lately we were in a state of prosperity of the best kind, which filled us with animation and bright anticipation in every way. We were in a state of profound political tranquillity at home, which rendered us easy about our relation to affairs abroad. Every honest man in the country was employed; wages were good, trade was brisk, agriculture was improving; and, as a consequence, pauperism was confined to the helpless, and crime was diminishing markedly and rapidly. Whatever might be happening elsewhere, all was bright at home. Now, a deep gloom overhangs our prospect, political, social and individual. Ten months of bad weather are the main cause of this gloom; for our other misfortunes can be mended by moral force. You will have seen by the newspapers how our food-supply has been affected by the scarcity of fodder, owing to the droughts of last summer, the frosts of the autumn, and the fierce vicissitudes of weather in the winter and spring. Whole flocks of sheep on the hills perished of hunger, and whole herds of cattle in the stockyards. On one market day, 700 dead lambs were offered for three pence apiece in Mansfield market. The consequence is that the price of meat now places it out of the reach of all but the opulent. The working men are holding meetings, resolving to abstain from British meat, and eat American beef and pork till prices fall (which is very wise), and throwing all the blame on the rapacity of the dealers (which is, of course, very foolish). And now there is the further menace of the loss of the harvest. Indeed, it is scarcely possible now to save it. Wet and cold weather have destroyed all hope of the usual plenty. We are thankful to be free in our trade, and at liberty to bring in food from all quarters. I trust your countrymen will send us large supplies, both of meat and grain. But the money pressure consequent on a domestic scarcity, and the certain badness of trade, and the popular poverty, and, we fear, actual hunger to be apprehended, offer a dreary prospect for the winter. Just at this time political troubles have been caused by the misconduct of both Houses of Parliament, and by mistakes of the Ministers. The Lords have usurped a distinctive function of the Commons in throwing out a bill for the repeal of a tax, on which they have no constitutional power to legislate, except in regard to the means of working. The worst symptom is the levity with which the trespass is spoken of; as if a million of revenue, more or less, could compare in importance with the slightest encroachment of one power of the Constitution on another. The House of Commons is highly illiberal, being elected to support Lord Derby's Tory Ministry; and it is doubtful whether it will duly sustain the necessary resistance to the trespass of the Peers. It is as grave a constitutional question as has arisen since the Revolution of 1688; yet many who ought to know better are in favor of scrambling over the difficulty without settling it, on account of the engrossing interests which are demanding attention in other directions. In my opinion, this privilege question is the first in seriousness. Next comes the proposal of Government, to inquire directly of every householder, at the time of the next Census, under penalty for not answering, the religious opinion or profession of every member of the household. I need not point out the seriousness of this aggression on religious liberty. Multitudes, who have no secrets about what they are and what they think, have declared their fixed resolution to refuse to reply, on compulsion, for political purposes. Of these I am one. There are members of several sects within my gates; and I will not answer with regard to myself or anybody else. Ministers now yield so far as to propose to withdraw the penalties; and this, leaving it optional to make replies, of course destroys the purpose of the whole provision. It will be impossible to compute numbers when anybody may refuse to supply them. Last time, the reckoning of congregations assembled on a particular Sunday yielded such humiliating results to the Established Church, that the clergy now want to make an opportunity of reckoning as churchmen all who will not avow themselves to be something else. The painful feature in the case is the levity of the Prime Minister, who has joked with Deputations on this most serious subject. There are other complications; but, I trust, the stir now made by this proposed breach of our liberty of conscience will avail to preclude the mischief. The pain will remain of seeing how lightly and ignorantly our rulers and legislators can regard rights for which our fathers contended so stoutly. The rejection of the Reform Bill is a serious incident in such times; and yet more serious is the insolence shown by those who threw out this measure of justice to the working classes; but this is an evil which time, effort and patience will remedy. By being made to wait, the people will obtain a larger measure; but the rashness of so treating them on the verge of a season of hard trial is fearful. On the other hand, we are enjoying the sense of vitality which is roused by the trumpet-calls of danger and duty. In one year we have become a military nation to such an extent as to relieve us of all panic about French or any other aggression. The last year has done much in raising us above the snares and evils of the successful pursuit of wealth and comfort, and in proving our young men capable of self-denial, generous devotedness, and much sacrifice for patriotic objects. Our country never witnessed a more noble and animating spectacle than the review of a volunteer force of nearly 30,000 men, representative of 150,000, in Hyde Park. The appearance of the manhood of England that day is a better defence than all arsenals and fortifications whatever. On the Continent, too, things look well for the liberals. The restless, unstable egotist at Paris cannot keep quiet; and it is no secret that he meditates interference and mischief in all directions. But he is meeting with checks, and must be aware that he is known and watched as a universal intriguer, if not understood in all the doublings of his intrigues. He is always devising embarrassments to perplex every liberal enterprise at the most critical moment; but still liberal enterprises go on and succeed. His people, too, indicate more and more plainly, in a negative sort of way, their indifference to his ambitious schemes; and thus the hope grows that the heart and mind of Europe, when free, may prove indomitable, and may, sooner or later, tear down the vulgar adventurer to the failure and infamy he deserves. If you have observed his efforts to get the Bonapartes buried at St. Denis, among the "Kings by divine right," thus ignoring the political principles of modern times, and aping the honors of a legitimate despotism, you will think the word "vulgar" quite appropriate. We are pleased at this betrayal of the low character of his and the Empress's ambition. Their bad taste will be of service to every good cause. Garibaldi speaks for himself. It would be presumptuous to offer the praise of words in the presence of his deeds.

H. M.

* "La Vérité sur la Russie." "The Truth about Russia."

A NEW PLEASURE DISCOVERED.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1860.

THE man who succeeded in extracting sunbeams from cucumbers has been generally esteemed a somewhat ingenious individual; but Dr. Leyburn, of *The Presbyterian*, must have the preëminence, as the following extracts will show:

"We must take our seats in the train, and, turning our faces towards England, bid Scotland adieu. May all others who visit that land of story and of song, and of Presbyterianism, *and of many other good things*, bear away from it as pleasing impressions as does your correspondent." (Dr. Leyburn, in *The Presbyterian*.)

The italics are mine.

"Our friends here are all anti-slavery men of the most violent character. Dr. Murray and Dr. Leyburn were not only denounced from the pulpit because they were connected with a slaveholding Church, but threatened with a mob when they attempted to speak at a prayer meeting in the Old Theatre." (Rev. D. Harper, of Xenia, Ohio, in *The Presbyterian Witness*.)

Presuming that the denunciation and the mob are among "*the good things*" enumerated above, I am constrained to say that Dr. Leyburn must have the premium long since promised the man who would discover a new pleasure. Truly yours, S.

PERSONAL.

Rev. James Martineau, of London, an eminent Unitarian clergyman, brother of Mrs. Harriet Martineau, is expected to visit the United States during the next autumn.

Wendell Phillips Garrison and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., have been appointed editors of *The Harvard Magazine*, a monthly publication under the care of the students in Harvard University.

James Redpath has once more gone to Hayti. Thaddeus Hyatt made him the bearer of a splendid oil photographic likeness of JOHN BROWN, bearing this inscription: "*Captaine John Brown, Martyr al a cause des noirs, presenté aux peuple d'Haitee par Thaddeus Hyatt, de New York.*"

We accidentally omitted last week to announce the arrival, in the Persia, from Liverpool, of Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, of Providence. Her numerous friends among our readers will be glad to learn that her health, which, when she went to Europe a few months since, was quite seriously impaired, is now greatly improved.

John B. Gough, the well-known temperance lecturer, who has been in Great Britain nearly three years, is expected to return to the United States in August. Mr. Gough, before leaving home, avowed his warm sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. It is not likely that his residence in Great Britain has worked any change in his feelings or opinions on that subject.

The U. S. Marshal at Milwaukee lately refused to let Sherman M. Booth, now confined in the Custom House in that city for violating the Fugitive Slave law, have a box of strawberries which a friend desired to present to him. A very contemptible act, certainly. If Mr. Booth were confined for murder, would the Marshal deny him the luxury of a box of strawberries?

The third in the series of Mr. Olmsted's excellent works on the condition of the slave States, is passing rapidly through the press of the Masons, and will be published shortly. A former work of Mr. Olmsted's on this subject treated of the seaboard slave States, and a second of Texas. The forthcoming volume is devoted to a consideration of the social and political condition of the back country, or the inland portion of the States in which slavery exists.

Professor E. D. Bassett, a colored gentleman of liberal education, and Principal of the Friends' High School for Colored Youth, Philadelphia, received and accepted an invitation to give the annual address before the Alumni of the Connecticut State Normal School, at the Commencement of that institution, held on Wednesday last. We hail this as an omen of progress. When colored men of acknowledged intelligence and education, like Mr. Bassett, are invited to fill conspicuous positions in the Commencement exercises of our leading literary institutions, who can fail to see that the wicked prejudice against color in this country is fast melting away, and must soon disappear?

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, on the 27th of June, celebrated her professional "silver wedding"; that is, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the date when she commenced the practice of medicine. Her house was ornamented with flowers, evergreens, pictures, and statues, with appropriate mottoes on every spot. Her bedchamber—furnished with the same old chairs, couch, bed, even to the sheets and pillowcases, as at the period of her birth—was adorned with appropriate emblems and mottoes. One small room was sacred to her friends in the spirit-land—and portraits, wreaths, or vases of flowers, pressed leaves of grasses, and affectionate sentiments, told the story of loving remembrance. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the formal exercises commenced by the entrance into her parlor of Dr. Hunt, preceded by a band of girls in pure attire; there was then prayer and music, and religious and literary exercises. A ring of gold was presented from the managers of the Hospital for Women and Children. In the evening, there was tea, dancing, reading of correspondence, and a graceful hilarity. Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, was present.

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Miscellaneous Department.

A GARLAND FOR THEODORE PARKER.

[We have already devoted considerable space to the memory of our dear departed friend, THEODORE PARKER, but we cannot resist the inclination to weave another chaplet of the flowers which loving hands have cast upon his grave.]

ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.

BY ANNA GARDNER.

How tenderly our spirits turn
To that enchanted land,
Which Nature from her golden urn
Adorns with lavish hand!
Where sweetest vines and flow'rets all
In softest zephyrs wave,
And where the orange-blossoms fall
On Parker's new-made grave!

Oh! green and soft the grass will grow
Where quietly he lies,
'Mid fragrant zephyrs whisp'ring low
Of mystic harmonies;
Fit symbols of the anthems sung
By angel choirs above,
When his freed spirit quickly sprung
To the embrace of Love.

Fresh as the morning was his thought,
Untrammelled by the Past—
Hopeful, from God his strength he sought,
And bravely dared forecast
That higher faith in Truth and Right
A selfish age denies,
Which e'er shall grow more clear and bright
Through widening centuries.

With glowing eloquence of thought
Yet warm upon his lip,
He bade adieu to earth, and sought
Celestial fellowship;
Communion sacred, sweet and high,
In more congenial spheres;
The faith he taught rebukes the sigh,
And dries the selfish tears.

He needs no sculptor's skill combined
With eulogistic arts;
His memory will be enshrined
Within our heart of hearts.
A life so true—wrought on a plan
Of such sublime intent,
Rears in the beating heart of man
A *living monument*.

Nantucket, 6th mo., 24, 1860. —*Liberator.*

FROM A SERMON BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

I own to you, my friends, it seems to me a descent to leave this elevated plane of thought for the level of sectarianism, and to ask if Mr. Parker was a Christian. He was, and he was not. If to accept the popular theology is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for he rejected that theology, from its first axiom to its last result. If to believe all one finds written in the New Testament is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for the New Testament was to him only an imperfect record of early Christian ideas. If to look up to Christ as one's *Master* in thought or life is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for, with the deepest reverence for Jesus, and the tenderest love for him, and the sincerest acknowledgment of his inestimable service to mankind, he questioned his infallibility, and refused to call him Lord over the humblest soul. If an acceptance of all Christ's moral teachings is necessary to constitute one a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for he unreservedly questioned the practicability of Christ's precepts; and, for his own ethical principles, fell back upon the primeval instincts of human nature. In fact, under no technical definition of the term "Christian" could Theodore Parker be included. But if he is entitled to be called a Christian who holds Christ's deepest and most transcendent truth—the divine Fatherhood, and the Brotherhood of man, the essential divinity of human nature, and the omnipotence of the Divine Love in the realms of error and sin; if he is a Christian who aspires to be perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect, struggling incessantly, and amid tremendous difficulties, to reach the highest standard of virtue, and to beget in himself the peculiar qualities of the Christian life—humility, devoutness, patience, forbearance, forgiveness and loving-kindness; if he is a Christian who leads a consecrated life, holding himself, with all his gifts and goods, at the service of his fellow-men; if he is a Christian who takes the cross, and bears it faithfully, night and day, through evil report and good report, and only prays for strength to carry it yet further on—then I honestly declare Theodore Parker to have been a Christian; and have no hesitation in expressing my belief that Jesus would cordially have acknowledged him as among his truest disciples.

It was not chiefly as a thinker that Mr. Parker influenced the world, but as a character. Everything with him ran to conscience—talents, time, money, books. He was an embodiment of the principle of duty. He had many virtues; but eminent above them all was the supreme virtue of justice. That quality, indeed, he incarnated. If he claimed it somewhat absolutely for himself, he demanded it imperatively for others. For every man and woman and child, of whatever class and degree, he demanded this, and nothing less: justice for the poor, the weak, the disfranchised, the wronged, the defrauded; justice for the pauper child; justice for the orphan; justice for the drudge, male or female; justice for the slave. He stalked along with the mien of a hero and the arm of a giant, smiting wrong on the right hand and the left; fearing nothing himself, but being a pale and perpetual terror to the whole race of evil-workers. Sternly self-denying, he held men to self-denial; telling them all the while, however, that self-denial was the sole and all-sufficing joy. Was he austere, harsh, denunciatory? Did he seem to be bitter and malignant and vindictive; too little considerate of human weakness, too little forbearing towards human error, too little tolerant of human prejudices? We must remember, 1. That he was created, and sent into the world, to be a prophet rather than a saint—a reformer rather than a regenerator. He was constituted an iconoclast. The Thor hammer was put into his hand; with fatal commission to use it unsparingly. On a friend's remonstrating with him for his severity, he replied, "Some are born to let their sunshine and their rain fall to encourage the tender seeds of hope; but I was born to thunder and lighten, and shatter things to the ground. Pity me: it is no joke this dealing in thunder and lightning." To such a nature, intolerance belonged as a necessary feature. It is not a vice so much as it is a limitation. Nay, in some sense, it may be even termed a virtue; for are not the flaming fires His ministers? We must judge men by their faithfulness to their own work and commission. Luther and Melancthon stand not before the same bar.

2. Nor let us forget that Mr. Parker had fearful provocations. Men called him infidel who believed himself a builder-up of faith. Men called him atheist who did more than they all in these last years to rescue the age from materialism, and bring it to belief in the living and infinite God. He was shunned and denounced by some who should have called him brother. He was preached against and prayed against. He was pointed at as an enemy of his kind. He may have been imbittered by this, and yet have retained virtue enough to constitute him an eminent example.

3. But the decisive word in this connection remains to be said. When charity becomes intensest, it scorches. Amiability is love in its negative form; but when love assumes its positive form, when it becomes an earnest and broad humanity, then it begins to sparkle and flash and smite. He who reveres the good, and cleaves to it, necessarily abhors the evil, and denounces it; and he who has small abhorrence of evil has usually but a feeble allegiance to good. It was out of the bosom of his loving-kindness that Jesus launched the frightful bolts of his invective at the scribes and Pharisees of his time; clearing the atmosphere of their hypocrisy by dreadful process of thunder-storm, that the common people might not suffocate. It is out of his heart of infinite pity for the world that the Almighty Father makes the wicked consume away, and buries faithless nations in shameless graves. He who speaks in the interest of principles cannot be silenced by a refutation; and he who labors in the cause of man must use the vices of men as his tools. What seems cruelty to the individual may be mercy to the whole, and to them likewise in the end.

Do not think, I pray you, that Mr. Parker's justice was nothing more than the cold, biting, freezing wrath that many insisted it was. It ran out till it took the form of a very large and a very tender, generous, persevering beneficence. He saw that, to large classes of his fellow-creatures, justice meant mercy, meant compassion, meant pity and help. It meant all this to the unfortunate, to the neglected, to the despised; it meant all this to the uninstructed, the unguided, the misled; it meant all this to the passionate, the foolish, the wicked. These people came to him with their complaints—came to him like children to a mother; and he gave them what he had to give—money, if they needed money; counsel, if they needed counsel; warning and rebuke, if they needed these. He visited the poor in his hovel, the prisoner in his cell, the convicted felon in his dungeon. He gave shelter to the foreign exile: in his house, the fugitive slave had a home. His congregation, it has been said, raised more money for benevolent objects than any three societies in wealthy Boston; and his private munificence was large, to a degree that would have been celebrated if he had suffered his left hand to know what his right hand did. He was pastor to the poor and the afflicted, the orphan's protector, the widow's friend, the minister of all whom his ministration could benefit. As was touchingly said of him in a late obituary notice, "The sincerest mourners at his death will be the troops of young people whom he has helped to an education, and establishment in life, and the poor and unfortunate, whose wants never appealed to his sympathies in vain."

These things belong to the world: let the world have them; and learn from them how it may increase its charity. Let it scatter these virtues like flowers over the grave of the great heresiarch, who protested that, though men called his worship heresy, it was worship consciously rendered to the true and everlasting God—over the grave of the great iconoclast, who averred that he never shattered an image except to liberate a god.

There are other things, which the world cannot be expected to know, and will doubtless refuse to believe—that he was full of frolic, wit, with his intimates, the most genial of companions, the sunniest of associates, the gentlest of counsellors, the kindest of judges, constant and tender as a woman in his affections. His intimate friends could say things of him that would melt his enemies' hearts; and the day when the books shall be opened, and the witnesses shall be gathered, the stern prophet and lonely fighter for the truth in evil times will be led in, crowned with flowers, by the angels of little children. He who would only have the Beatitudes read over his grave shall have the benedictions of the pure in heart strewn over his memory.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. A. D. MAYO.

Oh! it is so easy for any quiet little priest, enveloped in the spotless lawn of his sacerdotal proprieties, shut out from the awful realities of American life by a church system as unreal as a house in the clouds, passing his balmy days in the sweet atmosphere of the gentler moods of amiable women and retired gentlemen, to talk of the meek and lowly Jesus, and sneer at what he calls the coarseness and violence of the Parkers and Beechers of our day. But let one of those same peaceable gentlemen be hoisted up to the stormy mountain-top, where these men stand, and see, like them, the hosts of God and Satan in terrible conflict below, feel the breath of the battle in their nostrils, and try to stand firm amid the curses of half a continent and the adulation of another half, and we suspect there would be either an extinction of the priest or a revival of charity. It is god-like to be always strong, and sweet, and calm as the sun in heaven looking down on a battle field; but who of us has so acquitted himself, in the little tumult of his own narrow sphere, that he can throw stones at Luther wrestling with Romanism—Milton, South, Taylor, Beecher, grappling with the powers of earth and hell in a fight for life and death? Let us never excuse Theodore Parker's faults of temper and lapses into Judaism; he doubtless sees them now more clearly than we ever saw them on earth. But let us try to be one tithe of the positive force on the right side that he was, before we assail him, as he is too often assailed by men who surely have no time to spare from their own reformation to recommend him to the mercy of the All-loving Father, who looketh not so much at the mind, the temper, the tongue, as the manhood that underlies all.

In the true spirit of the old Puritan divine, Theodore Parker combined the vocation of social and political reformer with scholar and preacher. He was one of the most remarkable and influential public men in the country. He vindicated the "entire domain" of the pulpit over the entire life of the nation, and applied unflinchingly the law of Christian morality to public affairs and prominent men. He was the strongest man on any occasional platform or stump he mounted, always presenting his views on topics of general reform with a force of intellect, a breadth of observation, a homely style of address, and a wealth of learning, that quite overshadowed those whose lives have been spent in this peculiar vocation. He was a great aid to all divisions of the reform movement; for his views were generally broader, more practical and nearer to common sense than the dogma of any of these exclusive parties.

His services in the great war against negro slavery in America were invaluable. He stepped into the post of danger when the risk was most imminent, and laid about him with a vigor that silenced every enemy. If his hot heart sometimes overran molten lava against the despots who are plotting to subvert the free institutions of the Republic, and his burning hands sometimes felt almost after the sword, we may remember that the race from which he came was not accustomed to eternal forbearance with tyranny, and that without the Parkers of the English and American Revolutions we should now have no rights worth contending for. His efforts for the cause of temperance, the elevation of woman, the relief of the perishing classes, popular education, the reform of the penal code, the vindication of religious freedom, were constant; and his books contain some of the ablest treatises on these and kindred themes ever sent forth to the people. Wherever American barbarism showed its hideous form was he found belaboring the monster with the power of a hundred men.

Doubtless, there was a good deal of noise, and some other disagreeable concomitants, in this twenty years' service as an agitator and reformer; but much that was called harshness and bitterness in him was only force. He understood very well that, if a preacher in New England would awake the everglades of Florida and be heard above the roar of the streets in New Orleans, he must fire a very large cannon on Boston Common, charged with a good deal of powder, and shotted heavily. Moreover, it was evident that in that same town were a good many people who, for personal interest, did not want any such cannon discharged at the "peculiar institution"; a large number who thought the occasional crack of a very small ornamental pocket pistol, with a blank cartridge, amply sufficient for the purpose; others who cared for nothing in particular but their own elegant leisure, and hated noise on principle. To all such, the spectacle of this grim giant, towering above his sixty-four pounder, black with powder, and hot with ramming down his shot, more fierce with the shock and stench of every broadside, was eminently disagreeable. He damaged the trade of the Boston merchants, spoiled the prospects of a whole school of gentlemanly politicians, shook the steeples of the respectable churches, and broke a good many panes of plate glass, and sent a puff of hot smoke and a thundering concussion in upon many a pleasant dinner party at the "West End."

Still, it was only the old fact—strong measures for great evils. If you want to reach a public evil two centuries old, entrenched in the interest, prejudices, and traditions of thirty-two great States, steadily marching on with tireless steps to a crisis of barbarism or civilization, I suspect that you will never do much until you make up your mind to work as hard against as its best friends work for it, and cease to take counsel of those who fear the tumult of a fray more than they fear the downfall of liberty, and love "order" so well that they would live in Vienna rather than be deprived of it. It is a sufficient answer to Boston conservatism to say that the whole pulpit of that city, during the present generation, has not done so much effective service for the abolition of slavery, and kindred practical evils, as that fifteen years of Theodore Parker's ministry. Look towards that city, the foremost of America in culture and morality, and this man was always seen from any portion of America—over the Berkshire hills, over the Alleghanies, over the Blue Ridge, over the Rocky Mountains, over the Sierra Nevada. Men saw from afar that stern, silent face, that upright form, glowing with suppressed fire, looking defiance at every shape of despotism, beaming good cheer on every noble enterprise of civilization. * * *

When we say that Theodore Parker was always unmistakably on the right side, in every conflict between barbarism and civilization in the Republic, we have pronounced an eulogy that can be offered to few great men of the present generation. After all subtractions, he was, on the whole, the widest, most powerful, most influential of all the ardent and able host of reformers that have agitated the country for the last quarter of a century.

It is said to have been the dream of Theodore Parker to write a great book on "the Religious Development of the Races." He more than hints that his mind was fixed for many years on some permanent work of religion. We doubt if he would have done more if he had written it. In spite of his vast acquirements, and his powers of acquisition, he was preeminently a popular moral teacher. He gravitated to his place, and for fifteen years spoke to the American people, in their own tongue, on all the mighty themes that concerned them as men and States. He had positive merit enough as an elevating influence in American life, to stock a whole General Convention of ordinary ministers. His mistakes and failures will be forgotten, and every pulpit in the land be finally refreshed by his positive ministry. It was enough if he had only taught the people that an honest man, loving God, and serving humanity, is superior to any professional priest, is the best result of all churches, and creeds, and governments.

For when I look back on my acquaintance with Theodore Parker, I seem to forget the scholar, the preacher, the thunderer on the platform. I have seen him in his study, with his deep eyes searching the volume before him, as if he would tear the innermost soul out of the author; I have listened to his most forcible addresses, and marvelled how a plain, homely man, with a low, monotonous voice, reading a big manuscript through his spectacles, standing like a block, could so pour the fiery flood of his passion and intellect through and through the thousands that sat as one hearer below his desk; I have sat out the night with him by my own fireside, when his strong talk poured on resistless as the Atlantic waves we could hear in the pauses breaking on the beach, carrying along men, systems, institutions, peoples, as floats on its mighty tide. I have climbed three pair of stairs in a Western hotel, and, in a little room under the roof, found this man, before breakfast, glued to his chair, writing sermons as with his whole fist. But I never could retain anything in him but the mighty, brave, aggressive, righteous manhood, that made him so dear to all lovers of liberty, so terrible to all who love evil and tyranny.

SPEECH OF REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[In the Western Unitarian Conference.]

Mr. Chairman, ere this Conference adjourns, I would utter in it *a name*. When, just now, upon the question, What is needed for the greater efficiency of our preaching? the able and eloquent pastor of All Souls' Church drew that graphic and true portrait of a true minister and prophet of the soul, I thought one man at least I have known worthy to be considered the living original of that portrait. Sir, a remarkable spectacle has passed before the American Church—a plain farmer's son, in youth dividing his time between his Horace and the hay-field, earning by the sweat of his brow that scanty purse whose contents were never lost, because, according to Franklin's maxim, he emptied his purse into his head—this plain boy grows up to be a plain man. He has no oratorical graces—is not flashy, nor suave, nor glib—is not handsome nor brilliant in appearance or manner; but lo! for fifteen years he holds an average audience of four thousand people spell-bound—nay, his audience is innumerable, his parish stretching from the ocean at his own door beyond the banks of your glorious river, the father of waters. In each of our parishes he has been before us, and prepared channels for our truest testimony, our largest thought. Sir, how can we better consider the question of ministerial efficiency than by piercing to the secret of such an influence, such a power as this?

Mr. Chairman, I do not remember Theodore Parker in this Conference for the purpose of justifying his theology. It is no time or place for that; I have my own pulpit in which to say what I think about that. We all know that his theology, however we may value it, was put forth truly from the vigorous life of his own heart and brain. I recall an anecdote of Burns, the poet, who one day, walking the streets of Edinboro' with a fine gentleman in broadcloth, turned from him awhile, to converse with a countryman in smock frock, corduroy and hide boots. When he returned to the fine gentleman, the latter expressed surprise that he should stop in the street to pay attention to a man in such a guise. "Why, you fantastic gomeril," cried Burns, "it was not to the smock frock and hide boots I was speaking, but to the man in them; and the man in them would outweigh you and me, and ten of us, any day!" So the theology of Theodore Parker, rough or smooth as it may be to you or me, was nevertheless the honest garb of his great soul. I am not speaking of that garb, but of the man in it; and I tell you it was a right and true man there, such an one as we are rarely permitted in this world to honor.

Sir, some of us have known that man; and they who found the way to his heart found there an ineffable tenderness, found him at once the manliest and womanliest of men. Many of us can appreciate that sacred last interview between him and that man whom we all love to honor in this Conference, James Freeman Clarke. As they were parting, Parker went up to him, placed his hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on the cheek, and said, "James, if you and I never meet again in this world, we have the happiness of knowing that there never has been between us one word, or one feeling, or one action of unkindness." In telling this, Mr. Clarke said: "In the Old World you will see men who carry in their buttonholes red ribbon, the sign that they belong to the Legion of Honor. As long as I live, I shall carry (not apparent to others, but known to myself) the mark of that tender fraternal kiss on my cheek. It is to me the sign of belonging to the Legion of Honor." We need no sign that our friend belongs to the Legion of Honor, for he must ever belong to the noble order who can rise above the low prejudices about him, and, with whatever differences, treat an honorable man honorably.

The first secret of Parker's power over the people was his *character*. Sir, it is a great and significant thing, when a man lives fifty years in one neighborhood, during all the latter part of that life hated by shrewd and reckless politicians, hunted by keen-scented orthodoxy in Church and State, howled at in prayer-meetings, envied and persecuted by his own fellow-Christians, who considered themselves compromised in him, and yet to have encountered none so low that he could pick up from any soil a stone to hurl at the rectitude of his character, the purity of his life, the fidelity of his heart.

I might name many other elements of his wonderful success; his strong genius, his magnificent toil, might all be heard as full of meaning for us who have closed in with the Western work. But only one thing more can I mention. Theodore Parker entered into the heart of man, and the kingdom of God existing but unevoked therein, by the good and safe old HUMAN door. We are all ready to cast on the altar of God the fairest flowers which we can cull, to preach our most imposing discourses, to give our finest sentiments, our most attractive rhetoric; but not always to give drop by drop of our heart's blood to bring all the fruits of comfort and repose to that altar, to be consumed by fire from heaven. I remember the legend of St. Arnulph. He had resolved to withdraw himself from human society and its cares, that he might devote himself to the service of God according to the monastic ideas of the age. But at night an angel stood before him, bearing in his hands flowers. The flowers in the right hand were in appearance exactly like those in the left; but from the latter exhaled a fragrance as of a paradise, whilst those of the right hand were entirely scentless. "What flowers are these, O spirit?" cried Arnulph, "and wherefore are these so sweet, and those without fragrance?" The spirit replied, "The flowers in my right hand are the works of those who separate themselves from life for the service of God; the fragrant ones in my left are the works of those who, having lived among men and helped them, shall find that they also have been surrendering themselves entirely to God."

Such flowers were those which Theodore Parker offered up to God, and their fragrance is on every wind that sweeps over the continent; and wherever from any life such incense rises, that spot becomes the true, the only true altar of the Most High.

But he has passed away. That great heart is still; that voice, which was as the voice of justice itself, is hushed; those lips, which were the portals of truth and loyalty, are cold; and we who loved him, oh, with such a love, must now turn toward the past, and, receding into memory, choose her most sacred chamber, there to build a shrine, and set a hero's form, where we may go in the day when fidelity is hard, and self is strong, to renew our vows, and regather the courage which never falters on the path of unsullied truth and virtue.

My friends, we cannot, oh! we cannot throw away such an experience, such a life. Are these jewels of God so common, then, upon the earth, that we can squander them? Oh! no; let us set them in the circles of our hearts; let us bind them about our brows; let them be signs and tokens of the Highest, so that when our children doubt, we may tell the story of this life, and say, Is it not plain that God lives, and is with us? God forbid that, as ministers of the living faith, out here in the greatest field of work upon this planet, we should be so stupid and deaf as not to hear God's great admonition, so clearly uttered in the character, life and death—so calm, so victorious—of Theodore Parker.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

THEODORE D. WELD'S ESCAPE FROM DROWNING IN 1832.

[Many of our readers will remember that Mr. THEODORE D. WELD, whose labors in the anti-slavery cause, both as a speaker and a writer, contributed so mightily to its advancement from 1833 to 1839, had a very remarkable escape from being drowned, in the great Freshet of 1832, in Ohio. Not unfrequently, within the last few years, have we heard inquiries for an authentic account of the facts. We therefore republish the narrative, as we find it recorded in *The Friend* (Philadelphia) of Twelfth mo. 29, 1849, and First mo. 5, 1850. The principal part of it, it will be seen, is in the form of a letter from Mr. Weld himself, addressed to MR. HENRY B. STANTON.]

MIFFLIN TOWNSHIP, Ohio, Feb. 15, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER—Your very kind letter would have been answered two weeks ago but for the same old reason, the pressure of a thousand cares. For the last five days, however, a preventive of another sort has interposed, in the shape of a most solemn providence. The facts, in brief, are these:

The creeks and rivers in the interior of the State have been, for some days past, much swollen by the sudden melting of the snow and by violent rains. At about eleven o'clock last Friday night, our stage wagon came to a ford of the Alum river, eight miles from Columbus. After making a sort of floor with broken rails laid across the top of the wagon, in order to keep the mails and our baggage above the water, we entered the ford, and crossed—the horses swimming.

If the team had not been an uncommonly powerful one, perfectly manageable, accustomed to deep fording, and withal abundantly plied with the whip, and encouraged by a stentorian voice, they would inevitably have been swept down the current.

Three miles farther down, the roads crossed the same river by another ford. After a little reconnoitering, I was persuaded it was impassable; but the drivers (there were two in company) insisted there was no danger—they knew all about the stream, had forded it a thousand times, and more than once when it was as high as then.

The only passenger beside myself was a large colored man. As we entered the water, he became greatly alarmed; said he could [not] swim; grasped my cloak convulsively with one hand, and a part of the baggage with the other. In a moment the horses were swimming; in another, the water forced up the bed of the wagon, and precipitated both drivers and the other passenger into the stream. By this time the force of the torrent had swept the horses twenty or thirty feet below the fording ground, into very deep water. At this instant the leaders suddenly wheeled and made a desperate push up stream, to gain the end of the ford on the opposite bank. While this was passing, the something upon which I stood gave way, and plunged me headlong into the flood. When I arose, the leaders were hardly two yards from me, rearing and plunging against the current. As they were swimming directly towards me, to get out of their way was impossible. I seized their bits, and for a moment kept them from swimming over me, but the next, they struck me under them with their fore feet; I rose between the leaders and the wheel horses just in time to be struck to the bottom again.

When I rose, I was surrounded by the horses, rearing upon each other in the panic and desperation of drowning frenzy. How long before I was extricated from these perils I cannot tell, but not until we had been carried down stream a long distance. Finally, the Lord sent deliverance. I got loose, swam down stream with all my might to escape the only danger I apprehended; for till then the thought of danger from the water had hardly occurred to me; but now the reality of my condition broke fully upon me, and I began to cast about for life. I was hurried on by a swift current, and knew it would require a mighty effort to reach the shore.

My boots and overshoes were full of water, and, besides ordinary clothing, a heavy overcoat and overalls were dragging me down. I looked along the shore for a favorable point of access; could see none; swam down, down, down, down—looking far ahead as possible for a spot which promised foothold; saw one; made for it; struggled to reach it; the torrent swept me by; saw another; plunged for it; worked every energy in the mortal struggle; reached it; found no foothold; seized with one hand a root, the only succor; held on a moment; it broke, and the stream bore me on. I was soon back in the middle of the channel, whirled in among rocks; whirled out again, badly bruised, benumbed with cold, loaded with soaked garments, exhausted by incessant and protracted struggling, urged onward by a rush of a headlong torrent, and now too weak for any effort but that demanded by every moment to buoy me above the stifling wave. I summoned up my soul, and put the question, Must I die? must I die?

Just then my eye caught a tree, some distance below, which had fallen, and its top lay in the water. To swim to it as it lay out of the current, loaded as I was, seemed impossible. I made a violent effort to rid myself; first worked my overshoes off; then, keeping myself up by my feet, tried my surtout coat again and again in vain; then tried to tear it off; partly succeeded (had thrown off my cloak some time before). By this time I had reached the proper angle for crossing the current and gaining the tree. I made the last agonizing push for life. The Lord helped. When almost sinking, I seized a limb; it was covered with ice; my hand slipped; I seized another; held on a moment; saw a large cluster of bushes some yards below, and the bank apparently sloping, so as to afford foothold. The musles of my hand had become so stiffened with cold, that they were no longer subject to volition; my grasp relaxed, and the stream floated me from the tree and lodged me among the bushes, when my feet for the first time struck the ground.

I was now out of the current, in a little bend of the bank; the water about waist high; a steep bank above me, and my whole frame so benumbed with cold and exhausted with fatigue that I could make no exertion. I thought of calling for help, but it was the dead of night; I was in the depths of a forest, and there might be no individual within miles; besides, my little cry would be drowned in the roar of the torrent. But there *might* be hope of rescue, and it was the last, the dying hope. I called, Help! oh, help! At first I could scarcely speak at all; but, after a few efforts, could command my voice. I listened—no answer; called again and again—listened—oh! nothing, nothing but the mocking echo. To call was vain, to struggle was vain. I cried aloud, "Father, thy will be done!"

How long I remained in this condition I cannot tell; continued to call, at intervals, until I became satisfied that death had begun its work. I was free from all pain; my whole body totally insensible; and yet, as by miracle, I seemed to have the most perfect possession of my mind. Then, oh! then, I felt it in my soul that the religion of the Bible is the religion to die by. Oh! what would have been the horrors of that hour without a hope in Jesus? Not merely to die, but to die alone, far in a strange land, in a wilderness, at midnight; to die a drowning death—to die without hope. Oh! it would have torn my soul asunder.

But bless the Lord, oh! my soul. Did He not enable thee to be as a weaned child upon his bosom, and with a little measure of the spirit of adoption to whisper, "Abba, Father, even so, for thus it seemeth good in Thy sight." Oh! if I had possessed more religion, if I had not been such a meagre starveling in piety, I should have shouted in triumph, "Oh! Death," even such a death, "where is thy sting?"

But I have unconsciously left my story. It was not long before my sight and hearing were nearly gone. Death seemed to be sealing up the last avenues of sense, but still the Lord preserved to me the most perfect exercise of mind, and graciously enabled me to commend my spirit into his hands, in humble reliance on the blood of the covenant. I thought of those I loved, * * * our common father in the Lord, our beloved Sabbath school and teachers, our brethren with whom we had labored for the conversion of the world, our cherished places of future usefulness; these I committed to God, and the word of His Grace. I cannot trace the operations of my mind further. I probably soon sank into insensibility, broken only for a brief moment. Then I had a dim, flickering vision of lights and moving forms, and a vague, dreamy consciousness of human voices, and then all vanished. My next moment of consciousness was, as I am told, after a lapse of an hour and a half, when I opened my eyes upon forms bending over me, and countenances full of tenderness and sympathy. It was only the vivid flash of a moment, and then it faded away.

But I am at the bottom of my sheet, and must stop particulars. Suffice it to say, that I was drawn out of the water by three men, who were wakened out of sleep by my cries, though in a house on the opposite side of the stream, and, as they tell me, eighty rods distant from the spot where they found me. They crossed the river some distance below, and searched up the stream till they found me among the willows. During Saturday and Sabbath I suffered much. Monday, was free from all pain, but very weak. Tuesday, exercised a good deal. This morning (Wednesday) I feel almost well, though my hands are still almost destitute of feeling and circulation.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that my home is a neat log cabin, about one-fourth of a mile from the spot where I was drawn out of the water. My own parents could not have treated me with greater kindness than I have received from these strangers. "Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

A few statistics of time, distance, &c.—I was thrown into the stream at about twenty minutes past twelve, and was taken out about half-past two; carried in a state of insensibility one hundred rods; put into a warm bed, my body surrounded by heated bricks, cloths, &c., and plied with friction until near four o'clock, before I had any intelligent consciousness, though they tell me I spoke two or three times before.

The spot where I was taken out is, as I am informed, more than a mile below the ford, by the course of the river. The Alum river or creek is quite an inconsiderable stream in a dry time, but when swollen is a headlong torrent.

One word further. All that saved me (under God), both while entangled among the horses, and afterward while buffeting the stream, was perfect coolness and entire self-possession. The Lord enabled me to devise expedients, and execute them, free from all flutter or trepidation. Do pray for me, that this last solemn providence may work the peaceable fruits of righteousness. I think I can praise God for it. Oh! that it may humble me, and lead me to make my bed at the feet of Him who died for me, the chief of sinners. I have written a long, long letter; perhaps I have been childishly particular, but I know to whom I am writing, and that is my apology. I have just arrived at Columbus; shall start for Cincinnati to-morrow morning.

Most affectionately your brother in Jesus Christ,
T. D. W.

In addition to the foregoing remarks, there are some other circumstances which are very interesting. There was manifestly a remarkable providence in his being unable to make land until he arrived at the spot where he was discovered; had he effected his escape sooner, he would have been too distant from any habitation to arouse the people. The bend of the river where he lay was just opposite the only house in the neighborhood. There a woman was listening to the roar of the wind and the dash of the torrent, in fearful expectation that the cry of distress would mingle with the wintry blast.

The reason of this was, that a young man, son of her nearest neighbor, had crossed the river in the morning, expecting to return in the evening. During his absence the great freshet in the stream had occurred, and they were apprehensive that, as he was ignorant of the fact, he would ride into the ford in the dark (it was in the midst of an overhanging wood); and if so, they knew the impetuous stream must certainly sweep away the horse and his rider. Her sons kept watch until ten o'clock, intending, as soon as he approached the opposite bank, to warn him of the danger. As he did not come, they returned home, concluding he intended remaining where he had gone. Their mother's apprehensions could not, however, be allayed; and hour after hour she lay with her window partly raised, listening with intense anxiety; a sound caught her ear; she wakened her husband, but he assured her it was only the creaking of the trees as they bowed before the blast. *He* sank to sleep, but *she* continued her vigils; again caught a sound, and again roused her companion; but he thought it was the shriek of the owl, disregarded her fears, and soon again forgot the tempest and the traveller. Not so his wife. She was unable to divest herself of the apprehension she was under, and thus continued to listen, until, amidst the dashing of the waves and the roar of the torrent, she distinctly heard the cry, "Help! oh, help!" Starting up, she wakened her husband, exclaiming, "If you don't go, *I* will! I am sure he's in the water." As it was impossible again to persuade her she was mistaken, he went out with her, and listened in breathless anxiety, but no sound of human voice could be heard.

T. was so exhausted that it was only at intervals he could call; and they were about retiring when his last feeble cry reached them, and the man exclaimed, "Too true!" He immediately set out, provided with a lantern and accompanied by his sons; they crossed the river in a canoe, and discovered him in a cluster of bushes, the water reaching nearly to his chin; and had he not been found just then, in all probability, as consciousness had failed, his head would soon have been immersed. The bank above where he stood was too steep to descend, and their only means was to raise him by a hook, which they fastened in the collar of his coat, and by this drew him up. When this was done, they held a light to his face, and discovered that he was a stranger.

Believing life extinct, they passed his arms around their shoulders, and two of them dragged him through the woods and over the streams (by which he was much bruised), a quarter of a mile, to the nearest habitation. One of the men ran on ahead to arouse the family. The mistress of the house was the daughter of a physician, and was well acquainted with the means used for restoring life. It happened, providentially, that she had a large kettle of water hanging over the fire, expecting to want it very early. She immediately got up, with her husband, prepared hot stones, herb tea, and camphor, so that by the time T. was brought in everything was in readiness. They placed him in the bed just left by the children, put the warm stones around him, and rubbed and bathed him until they perceived some signs of returning life; this encouraged them to persevere, and, drop by drop, they put a little liquor down his throat. The rest is detailed in the foregoing letter.

Another remarkable circumstance is connected with his rescue. The canoe in which the men crossed the river had been floated down the river on the day previous, and the man who went in search of him had drawn it up and made it fast to a tree; but for this, they would have been without the means of crossing the river. They were all ignorant of the management of a canoe, and the father was afraid to venture, lest the force of the current would drive them down the stream; but one of the sons, believing his friend was perishing, persisted in crossing, and his father said he should not go alone. They then had to cut poles, and at great hazard effected a landing on the opposite shore.

This canoe, by means of which T.'s life was saved, under the superintendence of Divine Providence, was again swept away by the flood in an hour or two after the men returned in it to their home.

SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

'Tis summer—joyous summer time!
In noisy towns no more abide;
The earth is full of radiant things,
Of gleaming flowers and glancing wings,
Beauty and joy on every side.

'Tis morn—the glorious sun is up,
The dome-like heaven is bright and blue;
The lark, yet higher and higher ascending,
Pours out his song that knows no ending;
The unfolding flowers are brimmed with dew.

When noon is in the flaming sky,
Seek we some shadowy, silent wood;
Recline upon a mossy knoll,
Cast care aside, and yield the soul
To that luxurious quietude.

Above, waves wide the linden tree,
With humming bees the air is thrill'd,
And through the sleeping hush is heard
The sudden voice of the woodland bird,
Like sound with which a dream is fill'd.

Oh pleasant land of idlesse!
Jollity bides not 'neath the trees,
But thought, that roams, from folly free,
Through the pure world of poetry,
Puts on her strength in scenes like these.

And sweet it is by lonely meres
To sit, with heart and soul awake,
Where water-lilies lie afloat,
Each anchored like a fairy boat
Amid some fabled elfin lake.

To see the birds flit to and fro
Along the dark-green reedy edge;
Or fish leap up to catch the fly;
Or list the viewless wind pass by,
Leaving its voice amid the sedge.

The green and breezy hills—away!
My heart is light, my foot is free,
And resting on the topmost peak,
The freshening gale shall fan my cheek—
The hills were ever dear to me!

I stand upon the mountain's brow,
A monarch in this region wide;
I and the gray-faced mountain sheep
The solitary station keep,
As living thing were none beside.

'Tis summer eve, a gentle hour;
The west is rich in sombre sheen;
And 'mid the garden's leafy trees
Springs up a cool, refreshing breeze,
And the pale stars are faintly seen.

The white owl with his downy wings
And hooded head goes slowly by;
The hawkmoth sits upon the flowers;
And through the silent evening hours
The little brooks make melody.

And walking 'mid the folded blooms
At summer midnight shalt thou feel
A softened heart, a will subdued,
An influence from the source of good,
Thy bitterest grief to heal.

MANUSCRIPT ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PROGRESS OF ART.

DIGBY WYATT read an interesting paper lately at the London Institute on the subject of "Illuminated Manuscript as Illustrative of the History of the Arts of Design." He remarked during his discourse: The most important Latin illuminated manuscript known to the student of palæography is unquestionably the square Virgil of the Vatican. This originally contained fifty paintings, five of which are now almost entirely defaced. The two subjects of this series most interesting to architects are those which represent Achates and Æneas inspecting the works undertaken by Dido for the beautifying of Carthage, and King Latinus receiving the ambassadors of Æneas. In the former, masons and other artificers are represented at work, and a curious illustration is given of the primitive crane, worked by a large wheel. In the latter, the Trojans approach Latinus, who is seated before a temple with an octastyle portico, the pediment of which is filled with sculpture, and the general architectural character of which is exceedingly clearly defined. A much ruder series of illustrations of leading incidents in the Æneid is also preserved in the Vatican, in a Virgil, probably, of the fifth century, formerly in the Parisian monastery of St. Denis. The Imperial library at Vienna is rich in Roman MSS. The most elegant is a calendar, decorated with eight allegorical figures of the months. At Vienna is also the exceedingly curious MS., "Dioscorides," a work of peculiar interest in the history of painting, since not only does it contain in its text the earliest allusion to that property of drying which renders *oil* an eligible material for the painter's use; but in one of its miniatures, illustrative of invention, it shows a scribe writing, and an artist engaged in painting a picture placed upon an easel differing but little from those in use at the present date. In one hand the artist holds his palette, and with the other he is applying the color to the surface of his picture. At his feet is a slab upon which his pigments are disposed for transfer to his palette.

Having adverted to a few of the most important of the simpler class of classical MSS., I will now proceed to allude to the principal specimens of the more gorgeous kind, including those known to have been executed in the eastern empire, at the same time that those already described were completed in the western.

St. Jerome, writing in the fourth century, exclaims in a well known passage: "Let those who will have old books written in gold and silver on purple parchments, or, as they are commonly called, in uncial letters—rather ponderous loads than books—so long as they permit me and mine to have poor copies, and rather correct than beautiful books." The principal volumes still existing corresponding with the description given by this great father of the Church, are the celebrated "Codex Argenteus," of Ulphilas, written in gold and silver letters upon a purple ground, A.D. 360; the Psalter of St. Germain de Pres; a fragment of the New Testament in the Cottonian library (Titus, c. 15); and a copy of the book of Genesis in the Imperial library at Vienna; the three latter of which are believed to have been executed during the fifth and sixth centuries.

All of these, it may be observed, are in the Greek character, and, with the exception of the Codex of Ulphilas, may be considered as the production of Greek scribes. The only one which contains miniatures is the copy of Genesis, at Vienna, which is illustrated by no less than eighty-eight. These correspond very closely with the paintings which once enriched another celebrated Book of Genesis, which belonged to Sir Robert Cotton, and was almost entirely destroyed in the fire at Ashburnham House, in 1781, which consumed so many irreplaceable relics of past ages. The Cottonian Genesis, as far as can be ascertained from collections made previous to the fire, and from the charred and shrunken fragments which are all that now remain of this precious volume, contained no less than 250 miniatures, each about four inches square. These two remarkable versions of the Book of Genesis are supposed to be of nearly equal date, a slight precedence in point of antiquity being conceded to the English specimen. The Vienna text is written, as we have remarked, in letters of gold and silver, while that of the English version is throughout in black. Gold in the English volume is but sparingly introduced in the miniatures; and Dr. Waagen remarks that only the hatched gold upon the borders, the glories, and the lights upon the crimson mantle, indicate the commencement of Byzantine art.

That which is supposed to be the most ancient of all the texts of the Holy Scriptures, the Codex Alexandrinus of the British Museum, is written throughout (with the exception of the first three or four lines in each book which are in *red*) in *black* letters; a slightly ornamented pen-and-ink line drawn at the end of each book being the only decorative feature contained in it.

The libraries of the Vatican, as well as those of Paris, Oxford and London, contain other specimens of brilliant ancient MSS., written in gold and silver letters, for the most part, no doubt, at Byzantium previously and immediately subsequent to the age of Justinian. There can be very little question that an important modification in the character of illuminated MSS., and, indeed, of all the arts of decoration, took place during the impulse given to the arts by the important works carried on by command of this emperor during the middle of the sixteenth century. The relations which existed between the empire over which he reigned, and the ruling powers of Persia, were exceedingly intimate, and there can be little doubt that the fruits of the "eternal peace" which he concluded with Chosroes Nushirvan, in the very year in which the great church of Sta. Sophia was commenced, A.D. 532, may be traced in the golden grounds and jewelled ornaments, and brilliantly colored conventional foliage, which speedily and almost completely superseded the traditions of Roman art, which had greatly declined during the interval which occurred between the removal of the seat of the empire from Rome to Constantinople by Constantine, in the year 329, and the accession of Justinian, in the year 527.

The most interesting illustration of the participation of the art of illumination in this change we may be proud to possess in this country in the celebrated and unique Eusebian canons, executed on an entirely gold ground, two leaves of which, painted on both sides, are preserved in the British Museum (Addit. MS., No. 5,111). Their beauty of coloring is very great, and both in that respect and in the peculiar forms of the ornament by which they are decorated, their divergence from classical tradition, and their affinity to Oriental art, will be at once perceptible. In the more pictorial features, such as the small portraits introduced in circular compartments, they exhibit a mode of painting strictly in consonance with antique precedents, and still retained in tolerable perfection.

To whatever degree this pictorial power might have degenerated from the comparative excellence of classical ages, it is to be remembered that it was far in advance of any other school at that time existing. The social and political convulsions which prostrated the Latin empire before the Goths, the Vandals, and the Lombards, reduced the traditions of Roman art to an utterly effete condition in the land in which they had once reigned paramount; and it was in the eastern empire alone that art found that protection and comparative tranquillity under which it can alone fructify.

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